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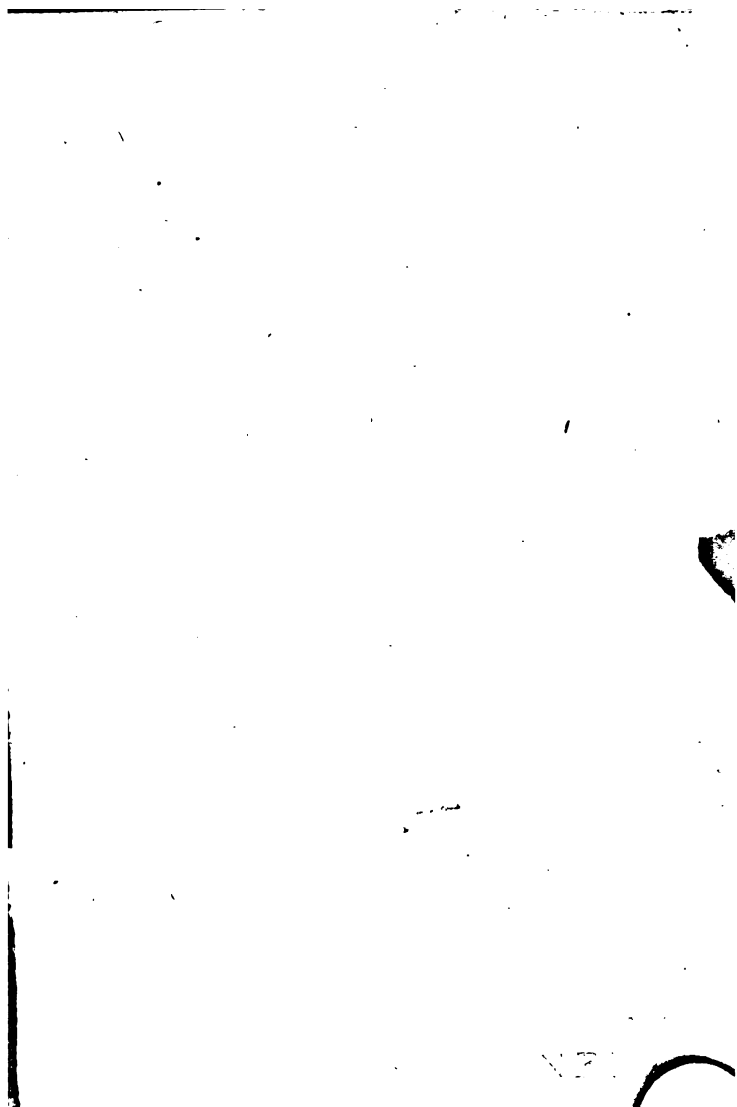
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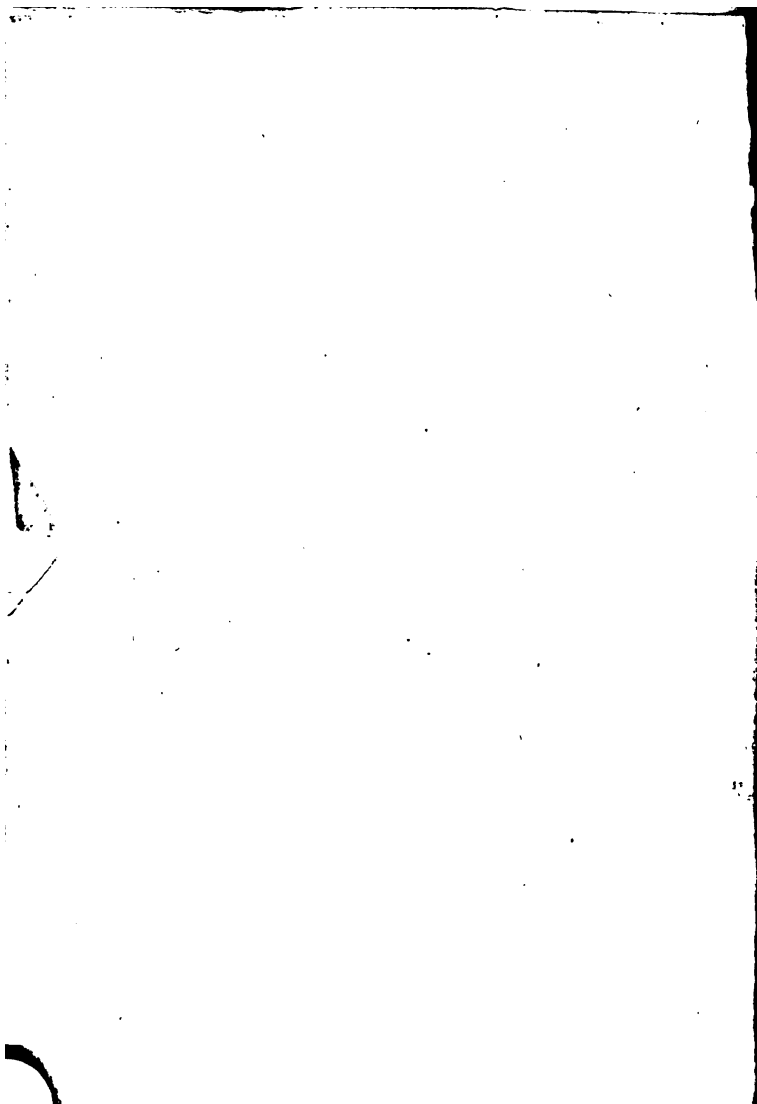
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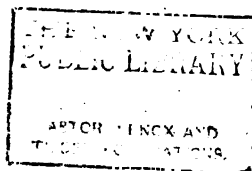


SOME MORE  
THUSETTES

BY

Eudorus C. Kenney





★PUBLISHERS WEEKLY.

NEW YORK

17





SOME MORE  
THUSETTES

. . . BY . . .


EUDORUS C. KENNEY

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1905

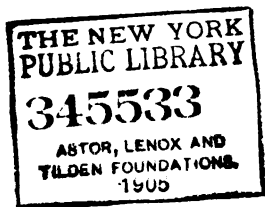
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Still at thy feet, sweet Erato,  
Oh, canst thou now refuse?  
Grant me one favor, ere I go,  
One tiny little thuse!  
And thou, Thalia, also list  
Unto my hopeless case;  
If thou hast e'er a mortal kissed,  
Turn not away thy face!

CORTLAND, N. Y.:  
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. . . 1905 . . .



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## TO THE READER.

People are not all alike—  
Thank the Lord for that!  
What is bitterness to Mike,  
May be Joy to Pat.

What the pendantess will scorn,  
To the man of toil  
May seem like a sunny morn  
Laughing on the soil.

In the world all sorts of notes  
The motley chorus fill;  
Each to some heart sweetly floats  
And finds responsive thrill.

So, if in this volumette  
Much you find to blame,  
Pass it by and kindly let  
Others try the same.

---

## THOMAS TRUXTUN.

Oh, his was a life on the surging sea,  
When the privateer to the breezes free  
Set his sail with a buoyant heart!  
And his was the life of a patriot true,  
Who plowed the waves of the ocean blue,  
That he might fulfill his part!

Away on the brine, when a rosy boy,  
He leaped at night to the long "ahoy"  
Which midst his slumbers rang;  
But he swore an oath, that he ne'er forgot,  
When on British soil with a fury hot  
He fought the impressment gang.

Alas, for the English merchant-man,  
Who nigh to the Independence ran,  
As she rose on the billow's crest;  
For upon her sailed a hardy crew  
And a captain full of the spirit new,  
That burned in the Yankee breast!

Alas, when the French Insurgent fell  
In reach of the Constellation's hell,  
For Truxtun had command;  
Her flag must dip to the hero bold,  
And with all her men down in the hold  
He brought her into land!

And the Vengeance too must leave the main  
All riddled and torn by the awful rain  
Of shot from his broad-sides;  
Midst shouts of victory long and loud,  
Queen of the ocean fair and proud,  
The Constellation rides!

And now he stands on the President  
Beneath the flag his country has sent,  
An honored Commodore!

Ten goodly sail his fleet compose,  
A warning dread to the lurking foes,  
That prowl about our shore.

No marble shaft or statue grand  
Within Columbia's realm doth stand  
To sound forth Truxtun's fame;  
Then join with me, my native hills,  
And ye, sweet vales and laughing rills,  
We'll sing his noble name!

### **DON'T BE DISCOURAGED!**

Fret not, my youthful poet dear,  
With sad and anxious heart,  
If, ere your lines in type appear,  
A few brief months depart,  
But bear with fortitude your fate,  
For here's a thought, that cheers;  
Immortal Homer had to wait  
About two thousand years!

---

### **DECLARING HIS INTENTIONS.**

"Say, Sam, you're not the whole of it,  
Oh, no!" quote old John Bull,  
As on his much expanded vest  
He gave a downward pull;  
"You strut about and boldly flout  
The name 'America';"  
I guess some land upon that strand  
Belongs unto your pa!"  
"That's so, old boy," says Uncle Sam;  
"You own more dirt than I,  
But then you see, the folks on yours  
Don't step around so spry.  
The name, I claim, reflects my aim;  
Though it gives you some alarm,  
I calculate at a future date  
To 'swipe' the whole dernd farm!"

---

### **THE GRAVE DIGGER'S BANQUET.**

"Oh ho for a feast," said the sexton old,  
As he leaned on his spade for breath,  
"Where friends meet friends, good hearts and bold,  
Who're in league with his honor, Death!"

The doctor, aye, and chief of all,  
    Shall come; for with dose and pill  
He hails from afar the approaching pall  
    Midst dreams of a generous bill.

And the jolly good priest shall grace my board;  
    For old death I do opine,  
Is the friend by whom his cellar is stored  
    With those rare old casks of wine.

The lawyer, too, as you end this life,  
    To engross your will agrees,  
And in following years of bitterest strife  
    Fills his pockets with excellent fees.

And the undertaker, all do know,  
    How with eager measuring eye  
He scans the course of the process slow  
    That lays you down to die.

Then I indeed with my pick and spade  
    A pittance do humbly earn,  
As each bundle of bones is softly laid  
    Underneath the moss and the fern.

The sculptor builds you a tombstone grand  
    With your name thereon embossed,  
And your heirs around will proudly stand  
    And boast of th' enormous cost.

So we all will drink to our grim old host,  
    Who brings us comfort and cheer;  
To laugh at the sorrows of men, our boast,  
    To grow fat on a sigh and a tear."

And the feast was held and the men sat down,  
    A group of companions queer,  
A skull full of wine passed merrily round  
    A coffin-shaped table drear.

Their knives were spades and their forks were picks,  
A hearse rolled down the board,  
And the squire remarked: "It is bound for Styx,  
Where the most of our freight is stored."

"Oh, here's to the troubles of life!" he said,  
"The sorrows, that bring us joy!  
Bad health to the living; may they soon be dead!  
Long life doth our business annoy!"

Then a bell was tolled and a tombstone raised  
Of loaf cake frosted and sweet,  
And a big pot-pie was highly praised  
Made of grave-yard-rabbits' feet.

They all joined hands and sang a song,  
And afterwards marched around;  
But the grave digger felt that something was wrong;  
For the floor seemed very unsound.

And he saw all about him a crowd of ghosts,  
Which slowly moved by in a row,  
Many dear old friends were among the hosts;  
He had buried them years ago.

They slowly beckoned with waving hand  
To the reckless banquetters gay,  
And seemed to imply: "You will join our band  
At a not very distant day."

And the sexton went home with an aching head  
And wished that God had decreed  
A cheerier life for him, instead  
Of the one he was forced to lead.

But one may laugh or one may scowl  
At the road we mortals tread;  
The crown and the mitre, foolscap, cowl,  
Are the same when at last you are dead.

## THE LATEST IN CONFECTIONERY.

One day I stole a little kiss  
From off the lips of Mary.  
She is the sweetest, sweetest girl—  
But kisses sometimes vary.  
This one, it was the sweetest kiss!  
Oh my! it was a dandy!  
I'll tell you why, if you won't tell;  
She'd just been eating candy!

---

## JUST ONE BOY.

The author feels the impropriety of girls singing the popular song, "Just One Girl;" to meet this crying want he submits the following version:

I'm in love with a dear little fellow—  
Only one—only one—  
He's a peachlet rich, juicy and mellow—  
Full of fun—full of fun;  
When he sees me, he greets me with "hello!"  
Then I run—yes, I run—  
But sooner than 'takes me to tell, Oh!  
That sweet little race is done!  
Just one boy, only just one boy;  
There are others I know, but they're not my joy;  
Rain or shine, he'll be always mine;  
I'll be nappy forever with just one boy.

His cheeks are so fresh and so rosy;  
Oh, he's sweet—just as sweet  
As a newly blown bright little posy  
With its fragrance complete;  
Beneath his dear little brown nose  
When I steal, I just feel  
So happy, contented, and cosey,  
I hardly believe it's real.

In a hammock we often go swinging  
Neath the tree none can see  
How tightly together we're clinging  
As can be—as can be—  
And the birds then their love songs are singing—  
So are we—so are we—  
Oh, the wedding bells seem to be ringing  
For that little boy and me.  
His papa has lots of objections—  
So has mine—so has mine—  
Their heads are so full of reflections  
That they shine—yes, they shine—  
But the source of our deepest affections  
Is divine—yes, divine—  
In Heaven arise such selections;  
They're sweeter, far sweeter than wine.

### **JACK AND THE SPARROWS.**

[From the German.]

“Oh, father, say, what shall I do,  
To catch the sparrows, one or two?  
The sparrows!”

His father said: “Naught will avail  
Except some salt thrown on the tail  
The sparrows.”

So Jack of salt a handful took  
And slyly watched with neck acrook  
The sparrows.

And when the first one lit near by,  
He said: “I’ll catch you now, oh, my!  
You sparrow!”

Then flew the little bird, husch, husch,  
Into the nearest linden bush,  
Ah, sparrows!

“They don’t hold still, oh, father dear,  
When with the salt I come so near,  
The sparrows!”

“Then let the little sparrows be!  
They are too smart for you and me,  
The sparrows!”

### TO THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

Sail back, ye ships, with sides of steel,  
With thund’ring voice and sulph’rous breath;  
Your engine hearts no pity feel,  
You are but instruments of death!

By Venezuela’s helpless shores  
You prow! around with threat’nings dread,  
While, penned within, a land implores,  
That God will give her daily bread.

Go home and leave to peaceful means  
The settling of these sordid claims;  
A brighter day for freedom beams,  
When high Bartholdi’s beacon flames.

Sail back, sail back, across the sea,  
And take along your bags of gold;  
America untouched must be,  
The hope of peoples yet untold.

No foreign lord shall e’er embrace  
Americ’s sisters, North or South,  
’Tis here republics have their place;  
’Tis so proclaimed by God’s own mouth.

Then sail away, ye warships black,  
Steam off to watch the grimy Turk;  
Quick, as the waves close o’er your track,  
May we forget your dastard work.



## SEGREGATION.

[Note: The authorities of Chicago University have separated the boys from the girls in that institution.]

To an angel with staid Wisdom wed  
Your attention I now humbly beg;  
At Cornell they call her "Coed."  
At Chicago she answers to "Seg."

She's deemed a companion of man  
In Ithaca's classic halls;  
But Chicago does all that she can  
To avert primordial falls.

She rests with beauty supreme  
At Cornell upon the front seats;  
By the lakes her sweet radiant beam  
No longer on souls of men beats.

They say, that the western young man  
Too fickle of heart was found;  
So they put the girls under a ban  
And marched them all into a pound.

The professors in language francais  
Now feel much more at their ease;  
They can give to their wit fullest play  
And say to the boys what they please.

The boys care not how they look,  
The girls wear any old thing;  
With noses deep sunk in a book  
To the goddess Diana they sing.

Sweet Cupid is banished afar  
From Chicago, blown rudely away,  
Deserted the marital bar,  
All lost is the title M. A.

And so at last it is proved,  
That that old most dangerous tree  
Of knowledge from Eden is moved  
And planted by Michigan's sea.

And "banished" once more is the curse,  
But not from the garden, my brother,  
Ah no; to-day it is worse,  
This time, alas, from each other!

### VENEZUELA.

To revolutions' wracking throes,  
To sorrow, death, and all those woes,  
Which wars internal bring,  
Comes vaunting also greed of gold,  
Nursed in the hearts of nations cold,  
And would life's dribblets wring  
From Venezuela.

Will Hohenzollern casts his eye  
Adown his ledger and doth spy  
A debt long overdue:  
" 'Tis just the time to push our claim;  
The creditor is weak and lame;  
With shells we'll straightway sue  
This Venezuela."

And Johnny Bull with look askance  
Sees looming up a blooming chance  
To flaunt his armament.  
No task for him to find a debt;  
The two in friendship soon are met,  
And warships off are sent,  
To Venezuela.

See now, the others do advance,  
Italia, Belgium, Holland, France,  
And Mexico.

Armed cruisers sail along the coast  
With silent but insulting boast,  
A monster foe  
For Venezuela.

And Willie's Panther fain must bark;  
So long she'd practiced at a mark,  
She could not hold.  
But Fort San Carlos seemed to bite,  
And shot her little guns all right;  
'Twas not so cold  
In Venezuela.

"Set not your foot upon the land;  
Upon this point we take our stand,"  
Said Theodore;  
You may blockade, your cannons shoot,  
And chase small schooners for their loot;  
That's all, no more  
In Venezuela.

### **PAT'S LIFE PRESERVER.**

The winds did sigh, and the waves dashed high,  
And the ship gave up in despair;  
And Pat drank deep, while his heart did leap,  
And on end stood every hair.

Then some did say, it was time to pray,  
But the captain loudly roared;  
"Let each one bind to whatever he can find,  
That will hold him safe on board."

But the good ship true rode bravely through  
And for Pat they hunted round;  
They found him deep in a calm, sweet sleep,  
To the anchor firmly bound.

## A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Smash, Smash, Smash!  
List to the war cry in Kansas!  
Amazonian bands  
With hatchets in hands  
Are making demands  
On the toppers.

Tramp, Tramp, tramp;  
See them march on to the conflict;  
Every bottle of gin  
Is slyly drawn in  
Before they begin  
The bombardment.

Bim, bim, bim!  
Hear the stones crash through the windows!  
Dumbfounded we sit  
And wonder at it;  
These women can hit  
What they throw at!

Oh, oh, oh!  
Hark to the moan of the husbands!  
While mamma's away,  
Poor papa must stay  
All night and all day  
With the babies.

Halt, halt, halt!  
Sounds the stern voice of the people;  
Though evil exist,  
You girls must desist  
From joining the list  
Of disturbers.

## **A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN.**

We're a nation now of fighters;  
Can't you hear the eagle scream?  
Gone are days of peace and comfort  
Like the vapors of a dream;  
Stronger grows our navy daily  
And the time is nearing, when  
We shall sport a standing army  
Of a hundred thousand men!

Once 'twas said, that our Columbia  
Peace would force upon the world,  
That the flag of arbitration  
By the powers wou'd be unfurled,  
That the blood and hell of battle  
Would no longer flow and rage,  
And upon the book of nations  
Would appear a virgin page.

But instead behold our Congress  
In an evil reckless hour  
To the man, who heads the army,  
Granting dictatorial power,  
Buying cruisers, shells, torpedoes,  
Bullets, powder, rifles, then  
Saddling on the late republic  
Just a hundred thousand men!

Yes, we're in the Cuban muddle,  
Phillipines and China, too;  
Over carnage, rape and bloodshed  
Floats our loved red, white and blue.  
Go to work, mechanics, farmers,  
Bring your money in again;  
You must feed this standing army  
Of a hundred thousand men.

## **NO REPUBLIC.**

Said Edward to his chamberlain ;  
    " How are these suitors dressed ?"  
" In frock-coats, sir," my lord replied,  
    And bowed with quaking breast.  
Said Edward Rex : " Forbid this gear ;  
At Court let uniforms appear ;  
This realm is no republic."

Said William Rex to Uncle Sam ;  
    " I want more men equipped,"  
" What for?" said Sam in wonderment ;  
    " The Spaniards are all whipped!"  
Said William Rex : " By this same means  
I'll teach the bloody Phillipines  
    This land is no republic."

---

## **SO GOES THE WORLD.**

A nation mourns its queen ;  
So long she reigned it seemed,  
She'd live forever. Then  
Another hails its queen  
A bride; so bright the world  
Now dawns for her, life seems  
To stretch away to all  
Eternity. Alas !

These are but headings brief  
In old Time's catalog ;  
    Victoria, dead,  
    Wilhelmina, wed ;  
So goes the world anon.

## **GLEN HAVEN RULES.**

- I. To secure high toned patronage :**  
Guests coming here by Satan sired  
Without delay are straightway fired.
- II. To prevent profanity :**  
Guests who curse and swear in wrath  
Must take a red hot sulphur bath.
- III. With reference to children in arms :**  
Nurse with child five years or under  
Will keep it still or go to thunder.
- IV. As to young ladies bathing in the lake :**  
Girls whose feet are bare at all  
Must hide behind a parasol.
- V. As to dinner :**  
Guests ordering soup before their meat  
Will sit and wait while others eat.
- VI. With reference to "liquid refreshments :"**  
A thirsty guest, who beer would take,  
Must pull his boat across the lake.
- VII. Bearing on lamps :**  
Guests who sleep with burning lights  
Will scratch their own mosquito bites.
- VIII. As to departure :**  
Guests who put John in a rage  
Will be sent home upon the stage;  
And if they leave with bills unpaid,  
They'd better have their coffins made.

## MORGAN.

I am the ruler of the world.  
The sun in all its course ne'er sets  
On my domain. A magic power  
Resides within my vaults. I see,  
That scepters must be wrought of gold;  
I get the gold, and therefore hold  
The rod 'neath which men bow.  
Far reaching 'long the lines of steel,  
Which interlace the country o'er,  
My will doth permeate the whole.  
The wheels of myriad factories  
Revolve or cease, as I may beck.  
My locomotives tug and snort  
On every mountain side or plain.  
Across the ocean leap the ships,  
Which I have purchased at a stroke.  
Before me prone e'en monarchs bend;  
They can not war without my gold.  
My faithful sergeants tread the halls  
Of congress, and there pass the laws  
The people think are theirs. Ha, ha!  
Let's see them pierce the Panama,  
If I oppose! Oh, power sublime!  
How grand to be a king! But, ah!  
The load grows heavier, as I age!  
These strikes! these panics! Men are wild!  
Can I be God and guide it all?  
Oh, for the peace of mind and rest,  
That hover o'er the simple breast  
Of him who earns his crust each day  
And lets the world go on its way.

## INSTITUTE ROLL CALL.

“Stand up, school-maams and masters,  
And prove that you are here;



You're paid for being present  
And now you must appear.  
You can't escape these lectures;  
We do not grant you choice;  
Stand up and call your numbers;  
Report by face and voice."

At evening after battle,  
When silent are the guns,  
To call the roll of heroes  
And note the missing ones,  
Is noble, but the sergeant,  
Who scans the list to ask:  
"Was there a stray deserter?"  
Has quite another task.

Behold a table loaded  
With viands rich and rare  
And hungry mortals waiting  
To get each one his share;  
The host stands up triumphant  
Above his brimming bowl  
And says with scowling eyebrows:  
"We now will call the roll."

And thrice each day repeated,  
Lest someone should slip through,  
At unexpected moments  
This trap is sprung on you;  
And all, that certain persons  
Unworthy of the pains  
Should be compelled to revel  
In a feast for cultured brains.

---

### **SWINGING ROUND THE CIRCLE.**

Over mountains, through the valleys  
'Cross the Mississippi plain,  
From Atlantic to Pacific,  
Rolls the presidential train;

Resting on Olympia's sofas,  
Grandest of earth's potentates.  
Monarch in a great republic,  
William swings around the states.

Fawning courtiers crowd about him,  
Ladies, valets, barbers, cooks,  
Everything to please his fancy,  
Spice his palate, spruce his looks,  
Thanks to portly railroad magnates  
Laying skidlets for a pull;  
When they tap their fine old barrels,  
William's cup runs brimming full;

Speechifying at the stations,  
Telling what a land we'll be,  
When we've gobbled all the islands,  
And thus made their peoples free;  
Nothing though about the soldiers  
Dead and fest'ring 'neath the skies  
Of the pestilential tropics,  
Sacrificed to gain the prize;

Pleading hard for "foreign markets."  
Not explaining how to leap  
Over monster tariff ramparts  
And an equilibrium keep;  
How to trade with other nations  
And shut out their products too,  
Is a dark Protection secret  
Hidden to the common view;

Lauding high our starry banner,  
"Glorious emblem of the free,"  
Silent on the constitution,  
That can not go over sea;  
Not a word upon the taxes  
Levied for the Spanish fight,  
Or the tricky Platt amendment  
Burying freedom out of sight.

Better Jeffersonian plainness,  
Better simple honest toil,  
Better economic saving,  
Than these wars with all their spoil;  
Dumb indeed is that poor mortal,  
Who with open mouth will stand  
Dazzled by a railway pageant  
Sweeping proudly through the land.

---

### REVENGE.

When blizzards howl around us  
And pile the roads with snow;  
When every lung is coughing  
And every nose must blow;  
You're sure to meet a smarty,  
Who'll wink his weather eye  
And tell you not to mind it;  
"Spring's coming by and by."

I want to see that villain  
In Satan's grimy clutch  
And hear his hams a sizzling  
To beat the very Dutch;  
And midst his pains and tortures  
I'll catch his rolling eye  
And say; "Don't worry, brother,  
'Twill be cooler by and by."

---

### THE ROSEBUD ON THE HEATHER.

[From the German of Goethe.]

Spied a lad in morning's light  
A rosebud on the heather;  
'Twas so young and fairy-bright,  
He must run and view the sight;  
Joy they had together.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud on the heather.

Spoke the lad: "I'll pluck you free,  
Rosebud on the heather."  
Said the rose: "I'll nettle thee,  
So that you'll remember me  
In all kinds of weather."  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud on the heather.

Rudely then the youth did pluck  
The rosebud on the heather;  
Deep in flesh a thorn was stuck,  
Moaned the lad in vain his luck;  
Suffered they together.  
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,  
Rosebud on the heather.

---

### THE GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.

Air: "God Save the King" and "America." From the *German*  
of Heinrich Harries, 1790.

HAIL TO THEE, VICTOR CROWNED.

Hail thou, whose noble brow  
Wears the green laurel now,  
Hail to thee, king!  
High on thy shining throne  
Feel that great joy alone  
To be thy people's own  
Most worthy king.

Not steed nor rider strong  
Holds fast the summits long,  
Where princes stand;  
Let love of country free,  
Love of thy people, be  
Firm rocks beneath the sea,  
Foundations grand.

Oh, holy flame, still glow!  
Let all the nations know,  
We love our land.  
Here stand we side by side,  
For thee, our love, our pride,  
Fight, bleed, whate'er betide,  
For thee we stand.

Commerce and wisdom's lore  
Raise thou with spirit o'er  
Thy throne on high.  
For battles' noble deed  
Let laurel be the meed  
And ev'ry virtue freed  
Raise to the sky.

To Frederick William then,  
Ruler and prince of men,  
Let praises ring!  
Feel on thy honored throne  
That highest joy alone  
To be thy peoples' own  
Most noble king.

---

### MIKE'S FAIRY.

Pat and Mike stood a talking one day,  
When a maid came along by the side of them;  
She was slender, a taper-like fay  
And passed in disdain somewhat wide of them.  
Says Pat: "Did ye e'er in yer loife  
See a woman so thin in the make of her?"  
"Sure I have; and indade it's me woife,  
That's more shlim; and I'd doi for the sake of her!"  
And he measured this maiden's physique  
From the chin clear down to the shoe of her:  
"Me woife," said he then, "is a freak,  
What's as thin, begor, as the two of her!"

## THE LAUGHING SHEPHERD BOY.

[From the German of Herman Vogel.]

There was once a bonny shepherd boy,  
Who laughed the livelong day,  
As 'neath the trees on a mossy cliff  
By his goat he idly lay.

And whoever heard him, hare, or fox,  
In the pines or rocky den,  
Laughed too; the fishking and watersprite  
Laughed over and over again.

One day the watersprite slowly drew  
Her body out on the strand,  
And said: "Dear boy, you laugh as were yours  
A kingdom rich and grand!"

Out rang the merry shepherd's voice:  
"Your wit has had a great fall;  
I laugh, because I am just a boy.  
And not any king at all!"

---

## GOOD ADVICE FOR ENGLAND.

[From the German in Kladderadatsch.]

Lord Chamberlain to Transvaal goes,  
And what does he behold?  
A misery there and a depth of woes,  
That should make his blood run cold.

A barren waste, a graveyard vast;  
'Twas once a blooming mead;  
By fire and sword a land o'ercast,  
A land which should be freed.

Of wives and children war's behest  
Has twenty thousand born  
To death, while others hunger pressed  
Husband or father mourn.

Full many a hero sinking lay  
In his gurgling blood and warm,  
A lion fighting hard at bay  
With the countless English swarm;

And many sank down of the scions rare,  
Which England to war has sped;  
And now they're gazing in blank despair,  
The living upon the dead.

Not alone with the conquered Boers will dwell  
The miseries dread of war;  
Ah, no; this dismal guest of hell  
Seeks the British home afar.

From the field returned to England's shore  
Breadless are hosts of men;  
Tommy Atkins finds himself no more  
The god of the upper ten.

Poor fellows, they wander idly about.  
These hungry heroes and true;  
For England at present of sterling is out  
To settle for wages due.

Perhaps the generals of high degree  
Compassion now may show,  
And feel for their comrades sympathy  
And let their scruples go.

The leaders of the Boers are forth  
With vigor, skill, and grace;  
Demand, ye English, equal worth  
From your commercial race!

Ho, Kitchener, Roberts, Butler, ho!  
Learn wisdom of the Boer;  
Go begging, noble trio, go!  
For England's soldier-poor!

## OH, TIMES AND CUSTOMS!

I hear, that the nations are fighting  
To settle a mere paltry claim;  
I'm sure they will burn in the righting  
Far more than th' amount of the same.

I read, too, that Dewey is coaling,  
That into his battle-ships' hold  
Ten thousands of tons are rolling,  
While people are dying with cold.

The great Standard Oil combination  
Doth Rockefeller's pockets expand  
So big, that for high education  
His love sweeps the whole blessed land.

But the orphans and widows are burning  
Their wicks at both ends in the dark ;  
For the wages they just now are earning  
Are gulped by monopoly's shark.

As they crouch in their rooms dark and coal-less,  
These children of suff'ring and toil,  
They dread, lest their God is soul-less,  
And blesses a corner in oil.

Ye men, that control corporations,  
And steal away poverty's bread,  
Think not that with gifts and oblations  
The curse may be turned from your head.

The great laws of nature are certain,  
The man, who doth sin, must repent,  
In due time his thin silken curtain  
Into rags will be fearfully rent.



## THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.

Midst the rattle and jam of a great city street  
Where safety depends upon sound limbs and fleet,  
A newsboy was crouching with face thin and pale  
Near a bundle of papers he was off'ring for sale.

A broker just leaving his ticker and tape  
Looked down on the youth distorted in shape,  
And said: "What's the matter, my boy, you seem sad?"  
"My hip's out of joint," was the answer he had.

"How long, my dear boy, have you suffered so?"  
"Ever since I was born," came the answer out slow;  
And the look of despair, that upward was turned,  
Deep into the heart of the financier burned.

"There's a doctor named Lorenz, who cures such as you  
Come over from Europe, they say, and if true,  
He shall see you and treat you, regardless of cost;  
I'll settle the bill and count it not lost."

"Oh, thank you sir! How can I ever repay?  
My whole life is yours from the first happy day,  
When I can run free and sell all around  
Like the rest of the boys, who have always been sound."

The newsboy went home with the broker that night,  
And slept in a bed so downy and white  
That he dreamed, up to heaven in clouds he was rolled,  
Where the angels bought papers and showered him  
with gold.

And that noble physician from over the sea  
With marvelous skill scientific and free,  
Like men famed in story has laid on his hand,  
And the cripple from birth was commanded to stand.

And in all that mass of humanity dense,  
That surges and jostles you hither and hence,  
Not a face more ecstatic, a pupil more bright  
Looks out on the world than our newspaper sprite.

## ON A WORNOUT HANDKERCHIEF.

This rag a direful story tells  
Of one who did procrastinate,  
Until the joyful wedding bells  
Rang out for him "Too late, too late!"

No gentle fingers ran its hem,  
Or stayed with love its gaping rents,  
No wife its downward course did stem;  
'Twas wrecked before dread blasts intense.

Beware, oh youth, and let not slip  
Those golden hours, when you may find  
A rosy cheek, a ruby lip,  
A thimble, thread, and heart combined!

---

## THE FUZE.

Hast ever watched a youngster, as he bends  
To touch a match serenely to a fuze?  
Hast seen him stand enraptured as it wends  
Its sputtering, sizzling way beneath his shoes?  
When at last the royal moment comes apace,  
And explodes with deaf'ning crack the charge  
confined,

What a smile of satisfaction wreathes his face,  
As another from his bunch he doth unbind!

Well, in wider and in more important fields  
Burns a line of sputtering powder even now,  
And the world its careless eye benignly yields,  
Its curving mouth and smile-bewrinkled brow.  
First with troublous tariffs was the match applied,  
Which Columbia and the Kaiser set at odds;  
Then Irene, the meddling gunboat, was espied,  
Skipped away and dropped her anchor with the gods.

Prince Henry to the emergency arose,  
And was banquetted with wine and foaming beer,  
While Alice broke a bottle on the nose  
Of the Meteor midst a hearty rousing cheer.  
But no sooner had the sizzling ceased a bit,  
Than the Panther with her guns began to roar,  
And the monument of Fritz the Great must sit  
Across the sea and wait till nineteen four.

Then the Kaiser asked our navy to appear  
And grace the festal races o'er at Kiel,  
But our President evolved a righteous fear,  
That for formal calls our Jackies had no zeal.  
And Dewey in a confidential talk  
Chanced to make an irritating harsh remark,  
That our boats would whip the Germans in a walk,  
If they ever for that object should embark.

And so it sputters on, this threat'ning fuze,  
As we read, we wonder daily, what is next?  
It fills the columns full of snappy news,  
But keeps the Kaiser's feeling too much vexed.  
To stamp it out, would be a better plan,  
Ere it reaches to that dynamitic cell,  
Loaded ever in the heart of mortal man  
With its tears, its sighs, its blood and death and  
hell.

---

### THE WAY IT WORKS.

The darkey goes to Tuskegee  
Mechanic arts to win,  
And Booker with official key  
Securely shuts him in;  
But when with woolly cranium full  
For work he looks about,  
Trades-unions pass their little bull,  
Which firmly shuts him out.

## **DON'T PLUCK THEM.**

Oh, spare the little wild flower,  
That turns its pretty face  
So smiling up to heaven,  
So full of gentle grace!

How drear our hills and valleys,  
How desolate the day,  
When all the brightest blossoms  
Shall disappear for aye!

We walk out in the meadow  
And pull them by the root;  
We cut and tear and trample  
Beneath a ruthless foot.

We hew down shrubs and climbers,  
We raze the roadside bare,  
And leave but dismal stubble,  
Where once were blossoms fair.

So, one by one, these beauties  
That long have met our eyes  
Are fading from the landscape—  
Each pines away and dies.

Shall we not heed the future?  
Our children will have hearts;  
They'll yearn to beat in union  
With nature's deepest arts.

Then spare the pretty wild flowers  
That blossom by the way!  
Oh, let them bloom forever  
As now they do in May!

## AN INCIDENT.

As I went strolling down the road,  
That leads to town from my abode,  
I met a lad, who sat in pride  
Upon a noble steed astride.  
His little sister sad and meek,  
With hot tears coursing down her cheek,  
Trudged in the dusty road near by,  
Her chubby fist dug in her eye.  
I asked: "What may the matter be?"  
"I tant dit on the horse!" said she.  
I raised her quickly up behind;  
Around the boy her arms entwined;  
Her tears were dry, a laugh instead  
Amidst her dimpled cheeklets spread;  
A pair of sun-burnt legs stuck out,  
And up arose a merry shout.  
"Hang tight!" said he, and off they flew  
Like arrow from an archer true.  
I watched them vanish o'er the hill,  
And, left to ponder lone and still,  
I thought, and spoke it out aloud:  
How quick the sun breaks through a cloud!

---

## OAKLAND, MD.

Oakland, Oakland, land of the mountain glade!  
Where forests dense enwrap the town,  
And gurgling rills come tumbling down,  
Where rosy cheeks and foreheads brown  
Bloom out and never fade!

Oakland, Oakland, land of the heavens fair!  
Where birds ecstatic trill their song,  
Where care is brief and joy is long,  
Where comes the city's weary throng  
To breathe ozonic air!

Oakland, Oakland, land of the crystal spring!  
They bubble up in every dell,  
And forth their waters freely well  
The brooks and cataracts to swell  
And all a blessing bring.

Oakland, Oakland, land of the reaching view!  
From every beauteous mountain home  
Far far away the eye doth roam,  
Till oaken floor meets heavenly dome  
Of purest azure blue.

Oakland, Oakland, land of the soul profound!  
Where laughing maidens swarm the street,  
And sparkling eyes each other greet,  
Where hearts are warm and lips are sweet  
And weddings do abound!

Oakland, Oakland, land to the memory dear!  
Though you may wander far and wide  
And dwell in mansions side by side  
With money-kings swelled up with pride,  
'Twill not your spirit cheer.

But Oakland, Oakland, land of the roses red,  
Where honeysuckles sweet and wild  
Hold up their blossoms to the child,  
Who on the rolling crest beguiled  
His wandering steps has sped,  
Will cling to you, a vision rare,  
And draw you back in memory where  
You passed those days without compare  
On nature's beauty fed.

## **THE AUTOMOBILE.**

**Tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff!**  
Lively there! Save yourself! Clear the way! Skip!  
Look to your horses! Get out your whip!  
Steady your ribbons! Tighten your grip!  
**Here comes the latest infernal machine,**  
**Puffing along with its fumes of benzine!**

**Tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff!**  
See it go whizzing by! Dizzy the speed!  
On like a whirlwind, far in the lead!  
Sputtering vehicle minus a steed!  
**Honking a warning blast, pneumatic wheel,**  
**Nerve-racking, horse-killing automobile!**

**Tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff!**  
Oh, what a hurry the people are in!  
Life is a tempest of hustle and spin;  
Speed is the thing you must have, if you win;  
**Tuff-a-tuff, tuff-a-tuff, flying you go,**  
**Any way, every way, only not slow!**

**Tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff, tuff!**  
Fate holds the lever, the bulb and the brake;  
Fortune, society, all is at stake;  
Suicides, murder trials, hell in its wake;  
**Merrily roll along—then with a lunge**  
**Into the gulf of eternity plunge!**

---

## **THE REINA CHRISTINA.**

They've raised the good Christina  
In far Manila Bay,  
Where midst the ooze and sea-weed  
Forgotten there she lay,  
With fifteen shell-holes in her  
Hull of rusted steel  
And eighty putrid bodies  
Above her sunken keel.

Upon that fatal morning  
She bravely faced the foe  
And steamed into the tempest  
Of fire and death and woe.  
Shell after shell went through her,  
Her helm was no avail,  
Her men were swept from action  
Like dust before the hail.  
"Steer her by hand!" resounded,  
And then her mast went down,  
A shell burst in her cabin,  
Where the wounded succor found;  
Down came her flag and ensign,  
Smoke clouded every eye,  
There was naught to do but "scuttle"  
And save yourself or die.  
Down to her rest she floundered,  
Where fishes swim around  
And look with eyes wide open  
In wonderment profound.  
But now again she's lifted  
Beneath the heavens blue,  
To let her victors glory  
In vaunting pæans new.  
Alas to thee, Hispania,  
That honor held for aye,  
Which led thee forth to struggle  
With the Samson of to-day!

---

### DOXEY.

The poets may sing of their fairies,  
Taper-waisted, fragile, and slim,  
Of girls, which they call "little darlings,"  
With graceful and willowy limb;  
But I am in love with a big one,  
Whose waist I can hardly reach round ;



My girl is robustful and healthy,  
And weighs just two hundred pound !  
She's no fairy; she's no sprite ;  
But she's my darling and she's all right !  
When the little ones fade like the lilies  
And take their place under the sod,  
My girl will be happy and kicking  
As plump as a pea in a pod !

The American people are failing;  
They are growing "too light in the beam ;"  
The women are shaping their figures  
To match the Parisian regime ;  
It is time that we men were protesting,  
And that is the reason that I  
Fell in love most tumultuous with Doxey,  
The sweetest girl under the sky.  
She's no fairy; she's no dream ;  
But she's my darling, and she's pure cream.  
She never stuffs out her apparel  
With padding and crinoline things ;  
She carries an honest expansion  
As round as Saturnian rings.

I do not know much about Heaven,  
Or how the dear angels will fly ;  
But I am sure it will take several feathers  
To waft my Doxey on high.  
But she's going, of that I am certain ;  
For in all her two hundred pound  
There is not one ounce of poor matter,  
Not a mite but is morally sound.  
She's no fairy; she's no saint ;  
But she's my darling, and does not paint.  
I will sing of my treasure forever,  
Of my pearl, of my soul, of my life !  
And, if ever I'm able to lift her,  
I'll make her my big, bouncing wife !

## LET THE GODS ARBITRATE.

The fire fiend hovers o'er the east!  
The forests are ablaze!  
The air is thick with stifling smoke,  
And everywhere a haze.

All dry and parched the pastures lie;  
The springs have ceased to flow;  
And over hill and valley sounds  
The cattle's hungry low.

The farmer's heart is in despair;  
He's standing sad and glum  
And gazing vainly at the sky;  
The rain-cloud will not come!

But in the west the floods are rife;  
Old Mississippi's breast  
Is swelled so full, her levees fail  
The torrents to arrest.

O'er town and country unrestrained  
The cruel waters sweep,  
And helpless mothers take their broods  
And float upon the deep.

Dread hunger follows close in train,  
And pestilential blight  
Completes the list of dismal foes,  
These cohorts of the night!

How strange to see in one domain  
Such opposite behest!  
While Agni burns New England's hills  
Old Pluvius drowns the west!

Oh, that these gods might make a truce  
And mollify their ires;  
Hold up some water from the plains,  
To put out forest fires!

## THE COW-BELLS.

Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
Hark! On the mountain the cow-bells ring!  
Little the farmer knows guiding the plow  
What to my heart is the sight of a cow!  
Milk from a hydrant minus any cream  
Is far from fulfilling life's bright youthful dream!  
Ting along, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
This is the sound of the genuine thing!

Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
Soon as the tenderest grasses of spring  
Push up their juicy blades out of the ground  
Comes the meek, hard-breathing bossy around;  
Nip, nip, nip, nip, down in the glade;  
This is the way yellow butter is made.  
Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
Wealth to her owner she'll steadily bring.

Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
Bother the flies! How tightly they cling!  
Now and again she throws round her head  
And stamps in the mud with uneasy tread;  
Then energetically the little bell swings,  
And more emphatically the symphony sings:  
Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
List to the cow-bell's impatient ring!

Homeward at evening she wends her slow way,  
Cropping the grass, wherever she may,  
Worried by barking curs, urged on by boys,  
Leaving behind every pest that annoys,  
Patiently following out Nature's wise plan,  
Serving her purpose, a blessing to man.  
Ting a long, ding dong, ting a long, ting!  
There's cheer to the soul in the cow-bell's ring!

**HE, WHO THINKS HE KNOWS IT ALL,  
KNOWS NOTHING.**

The preacher is of all the world  
The person least believed,  
For he pretends to understand  
What cannot be conceived.

And while he flounders in the sea  
Of nature's vast unknown,  
He fails to learn the simplest truths.  
By every wayside sown.

---

**LEO XIII.**

Oh, let me die in peace!  
Why skan my every breath?  
I hate those bulletins,  
That advertise my death!

Forbear your useless drugs,  
And lay aside your knife;  
'Tis foolish to prolong  
A worn-out, ebbing life!

Drive off the murmuring throngs,  
That gather there below;  
Give me a quiet hour,  
Before my soul must go!

On every side I feel  
The gaze of piercing eyes;  
They watch my slightest move,  
As 'twere a golden prize.

I hear the eager quest,  
Who shall my follower be?  
The parties draw their lines,  
Before they're rid of me!

Oh, happy is the boor,  
Who peacefully may lie  
Within his little home,  
When comes his time to die!  
All care has passed away;  
With soft hand sweetly pressed  
He sinks serenely off  
Into eternal rest.  
But I—the world, it seems,  
Has stopped to hear me groan,  
And pry into my dreams,  
And listen to my moan.  
Oh, let me die in peace!  
'Tis time the bell should toll!  
'Twill be a sweet surcease  
To a weary, burdened soul!

---

### GENERAL MILES' RIDE.

You've read how Phillip Sheridan  
From Winchester came riding?  
And also, how one Paul Reviere  
The news came bravely tiding?  
But hark! Those cheers at peep o'day  
Before the sun is seen! Oh,  
He's away, our hero gray!  
He's off for old Fort Reno!  
He caught a fall; it barked his calf;  
"A scratch!" he said, and mounting  
Rode on again with merry laugh,  
Meanwhile the milestones counting.  
Eight lusty horses, one by one,  
Came into requisition;  
But still he sat at evening sun  
Serene in his position.

In ten straight hours full ninety miles  
He covered without stopping  
Across a country, where erstwhiles  
Big Indians he was popping.

And why, you ask, this tiresome ride?  
Don't go and misconstrue it!  
'Twas just to satisfy his pride,  
To prove, that he could do it.

These old campaigning grounds, indeed,  
To him are interesting;  
For soon from duty he'll be freed  
And in retirement nesting.

But then suppose the Democrats  
Should call him out next summer!  
He'd want them all to swing their hats  
And shout: "He is a hummer!"

The man who faces Theodore  
Must strong be and ingenuous,  
Clear-headed, firm, and, what is more,  
Of disposition strenuous.

In Nelson's case, you clearly see,  
For 'tis a simple matter,  
Whatever else, there'll surely be  
No doubt about the latter.

---

#### PIUS X.

Farewell, beloved Venice  
Sweet queen upon the sea!  
I leave thee now forever;  
I am no longer free!

A prisoner in St. Peter's  
My soul will long for thee,  
Where on my soft gondola  
So happy I might be!

That heart-to-heart communion  
With souls bowed low in pain  
Is lost for the tiara,  
The symbol of my reign ;  
Weighed down by cares and worry  
My life now leads away  
Into the world's vast network  
Of spiritual affray.  
Goodby, beloved Venice,  
Sweet queen upon the sea !  
Thy graceful mirrored beauty  
Is but a dream to me !

---

### THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Oh, chestnut tree, dear chestnut tree !  
What tales might lightly fall from thee !  
'Twas 'neath thy lowly drooping limbs,  
Which shaded us from sun and sight,  
We romped so free from social whims  
Of what the world calls wrong and right.

Oh, chestnut tree, dear chestnut tree !  
How happy were we then and free !  
Below the glistening waters shone ;  
Above the clouds passed softly o'er ;  
Her throbbing heart was near mine own,  
A precious weight I gladly bore.

Oh, chestnut tree, dear chestnut tree !  
Thy drooping form still clings to me,  
Though far away those idle days  
Have floated on into the past,  
While fate leads us by parted ways  
That bring us home to earth at last ;  
Oh, chestnut tree, dear chestnut tree !  
How oft my heart goes back to thee !

### **WHY SHAMROCK III WILL WIN.**

Scarce had Sir Thomas safely tied  
Upon our shore his latest pride,  
Which he had just brought over,  
Than one of our fair maidens bright  
Inside a letter folded tight

Sent him a four-leaved clover !

And when the races are complete,  
Our brave Reliance nicely beat,  
And Shamrock winner—May be—  
Remember that at Buffalo  
When people formed a big long row  
Their admiration warm to show,  
Sir Lipton kissed a baby !

---

### **BEWARE!**

To avoid domestic strife  
You must behave as you "oughter,"  
And before your second wife  
Never dare to kiss her daughter.

---

### **CON AMOUR.**

From out the sunny south there flies  
A little missive straight to me ;  
And, can I trust my doubting eyes ?  
Is't really true ? Can I be sure ?  
Am I a-dream, or do I see  
Con amour ? 'Tis con amour !

And just below, the sweetest name !  
'Tis also written on my heart !  
Oh, rest forever there the same !  
In memory pure O, rest secure !  
Though we may ever dwell apart,  
Yet con amour ! Yes, con amour !



### **"MIT LIEBE."**

Zuerst schreibst du Franzoesisch dann  
In deutlichem Deutsche schickst mir hin  
Zwei suesse Woerter; ach! wie kann  
Ich wissen, was verbirgt darin?

---

### **AT WORK AS USUAL.**

His wife awoke and listened long,  
Then softly shook her spouse,  
And whispered: "Dear there's something wrong,  
And it's inside the house!  
Footsteps I hear, which tread and tread  
And never seem to pass!"  
"O, go to sleep!" the husband said;  
"The meter's measuring gas!"

---

### **THE BOY WHO DIDN'T GO.**

It was Friday morn and Buffalo Bill  
Was due at the county seat.  
Boy after boy spun along the road  
With dizzy, revolving feet.  
And some were prodding old spavined steeds  
To exert their utmost power:  
For every lad was longing at heart  
To arrive at an early hour.  
And, watching them pass, 'gainst a telephone pole  
Leaned a sad despondent boy;  
His father had preached him a long discourse  
And dampened his youthful joy.

He had told his son to go to school  
And never omit a day  
From the stern and regular course of life,  
That leads to success straight away.

But the lad stood there by the telephone pole  
Absorbed in the deepest thought.  
"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed; "I'll try that bull,  
What pa from the drovier just bought!"

Then he fixed up a rope and threw it so true  
That it caught the beast by the horn;  
Which bellowed and plunged and yanked the poor kid  
All over a field of corn.

His scratches and cuts kept him housed for a time,  
And when he healed up at last,  
His father discovered, that in all the school  
His son alone had not "passed."

Then he pondered: Perhaps in the grind of things  
A circus-day once in a-while  
May not come amiss to the soul of a boy;  
And the thought hatched a generous smile.

He took from his wallet three ten-dollar bills  
And proposed to his son this plan,  
That since he had missed seeing Buffalo Bill,  
He might go to the Buffalo Pan.

---

## WAR!

Just listen to the battle's roar  
That gathers 'round brave Theodore  
Who now is under fire  
With reference to the frigid way  
He named the sad eventful day,  
When Nelson should retire!

On board the Kearsarge see, a fight  
Doth rage tumultuous day and night—  
Forgot the Alabama—  
'Tis o'er the puzzling question deep,  
Shall Jack henceforth in night-gown sleep,  
Or in the gay pajama?

---

### RELIANCE.

Hail, hail to thee, Reliance,  
Swift bird of sea and air!  
With breast upon the billows  
And wings to heavens fair  
Spread wide to catch and garner  
Victorious breezes there,  
Thou art a rapturous picture  
Of moving beauty rare!

Away across the breakers  
She skims her course, and see!  
How deftly now the Shamrock  
Is caught within her lee!  
She thrashes through the white-caps  
She turns the distant buoy,  
And home amidst the tumult  
She flies, a thing of joy!

Alas, to thee, Sir Lipton,  
A sportsman staunch and true!  
If any man could lift it,  
The cup would go to you;  
But 'gainst the yacht, Reliance,  
Her skipper and her crew,  
There's not a boat a sailing  
That little trick can do!

## THE SONG.

[From the German of A. G. Marius.]

A lyric verse the world around  
Went lonesome on its way,  
For no companionship it found  
Its sadness to allay.

Then music came with joyful tone  
A tripping lightly by,  
And bending gently, kissed its own  
And off with it did fly.

---

## A SHIP FROM THE PHILLIPINES.

The Kilpatrick is in from Manila;  
Her deck is covered with men,  
Who can see in the crowd wives and children,  
Which fate lets them meet once again!  
But below, in the hold, in tight cases,  
Hermetically sealed from our view,  
Are the boys, who have not been so lucky;  
And they number three hundred and two!

The men still alive leap the railing  
And swing themselves down on the dock  
To cover with kisses dear faces  
And soft loving forms to enlôck;  
But the boys packed away in their coffins  
Move not, though a little voice cries:  
"Oh dear, I cannot see my papa!"  
And a woman in black hides her eyes.

It is thus, as we gobble the islands  
And all 'round the world try to spread,  
That the ships will sail back to our harbors  
With their cargoes of living and dead!  
The Kilpatrick should set us to thinking;  
As a sample, at least, she will do;  
Three hundred and fifteen above-board,  
And below, three hundred and two!

## THE DIVINER.

He stalks along the hillsides green  
With slow and measured pace,  
And dark mysterious smiles are seen  
To ramble o'er his face.  
Unto the peasants standing round  
He speaks of magnetism,  
Words with a dark bewildering sound,  
Much like their catechism.

They mutely watch his willow crotch,  
As it seeks for water;  
Down she goes toward his toes  
Exactly as he taught her.  
He can tell just how low  
They will have to dig for  
A first-class well; they don't know  
What he has that twig for.

A little twist of thumb or wrist  
Moves it to his liking;  
When test is made with pick and spade  
The effect is somewhat striking;  
The water flows—he packs and goes,  
And takes along his wages,  
And much discussed is still the trust  
Of boys and grey-haired sages.

---

## THE TIPPLERESS.

She sat in her bed with a recumbent head  
And blushed like a newly-blown tulip;  
And highly amused, a novel perused,  
While she sipped now and then a mint julep.

Her round figure free in sweet lingerie  
    Indented the snowy white pillows,  
And floating away the coverlet lay  
    In rapturous deep rolling billows.

And thus she read on, till the pages anon  
    Mixed themselves in a blur of confusion,  
And the story then teemed, as wierdly she dreamed,  
    With wild fascinating illusion.

The hero was real; his love was ideal,  
    And she was the soul of his passion;  
Oh, the ecstatic bliss of that julep-born kiss!  
    'Twas a joy of a marvelous fashion!

She will not awake, till morning shall break,  
    And the spell of the cordial doth banish;  
Then, ho, for the prize, which shall all realize,  
    Ere the charm of the vision doth vanish!

---

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Just behind the towering gables of a rich and noble  
    home  
    Rising proudly 'gainst the sky in bold relief,  
Hides the tumble-down reminder of a cot, that once  
    was filled  
    With the pulse of life in all its joys and grief.  
The window-panes are broken, for the crash of break-  
    ing glass  
    Makes the heart of vandal boys with rapture leap,  
And you find upon the panels of the loosely hanging  
    door  
    The names of young immortals sculptured deep.

The bricks upon the chimney have begun their downward course,

The knob is off the handle of the bell,  
And the bucket, which so often rose to cheer the thirsty soul,

Is lying at the bottom of the well.

The flowers, that once were cultured with a soft and gentle hand,

Have spread and filled the little garden space;  
With their sisters from the pasture they are blooming once again

In their primitive, unfettered, charming grace.

All about the old veranda, where young lovers used to sit

And the sweets of life's communion give and take,  
Run the climbers in confusion, and beneath the rotten floor

You can hear the gliding body of a snake.

The corner stones and mortar are all crumbling out of place

But a soft and verdant moss is creeping o'er;  
Seems as if a loving Nature is just drawing back her own

To a mother's breast, where they have slept before.

How I love to take the children and go strolling 'round this spot,

Stirring up the toads and spiders, as we pass,  
And O, the shouts and laughter, when a-sudden they espy

A rabbit bounding long-eared through the grass!  
Sad it is, to see the structures, which we cherish so in life

By a slow disintegration sink away;  
But how kind, that o'er the ruins Nature folds her velvet robe

Bringing forth such fair creations from decay!

## THE RHEIN-WINE TOPER.

[From the German of Karl Muechler.]

Down in a cellar here I sit  
Upon a cask of fine wine;  
I feel in just the proper mood  
To drink me full of Rhein-wine!  
The faucet pours its current out,  
When e'er I take a notion,  
Fills me a glass and so I drink  
And drink, and drink an ocean!

I'm plagued by that old devil Thirst;  
But I know how to scat him;  
I just fill up a mug with wine  
And shake it bravely at him!  
The roses bloom again for me,  
My soul no more is sinking,  
And joy alone fills all the world;  
I drink and keep on drinking!

But, ah, my thirst is growing worse  
For every glass I swallow;  
The more I fill me to the brim,  
The more I feel I'm hollow!  
But when at last from off my perch  
I tumble, I'm a thinking,  
That everything will be all right;  
And so I'll keep on drinking!

---

## THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Close to her youthful, throbbing heart  
Columbia holds a work of art,  
And to Europa makes her bow  
And begs consideration now.



From Arlington or soldiers' Home,  
Wherever pilgrims chance to roam,  
Seems like a distant fiery gnome  
The radiance of its golden dome.

Old Neptune, once the God of sea,  
Holds court at last among the free,  
And midst the fountain's gentle play  
His plunging horses forge their way.

On inlaid floors you softly tread  
With arching frescoes overhead,  
And all around like forest glades  
Are polished marble colonnades.

Historic scenes and mythic lore  
Delight your vision o'er and o'er,  
And names of poets, gods and men,  
Whose deeds are worthy, human ken.

Amidst the busy passing throng,  
That press its echoing halls along,  
The common workman oft doth nudge  
The senator or honored judge.

Beneath the great rotunda's dome  
The silent reader cons his tome  
Nor cares for Folly's foibles more  
While paying court at Wisdom's door.

Long may this peaceful temple stand  
A fount of blessing for our land,  
And may Minerva banish far  
The harsh and bloody God of war.

### A PRIMARY.

A flock of crows were sitting on the dead limbs of  
an oak,

As Bessie and her father rode along;  
The sharp eyes of the little girl were watching ere  
she spoke,

And she listened to their harsh discordant song.  
Her father dipped in politics, and often he would tell  
The doings of his underling's to Bess;  
And so she laughed out brightly as they rolled down  
through the dell:

Say, papa, that's a caucus there, I guess!"

---

### AMOROUS UNCLE SAM.

To the world a babe is born!

Hip, hurrah!

In that crooked rocky horn

Of Panama!

Uncle Sam at once attends,

Kind assistance sweetly lends;

Is it strange he thus befriends?

He's the pa!

He was planning for a ditch

Through the neck,

When there seemed to be a hitch—

A sort of check—

But the natives made a stand,

Took the thing themselves in hand,

Put that wished-for strip of land

At his beck.

“Welcome to the nation’s roll!”  
(Hear the fox!)  
They expect to gather toll  
At the docks;  
By the time they’re in their teens  
They’ll be eating Boston beans,  
Wearing blue Kentucky jeans  
And yankee socks.

Fair Pacific isles he saw  
In the west,  
Stretches now his long left paw  
To its best,  
And with pressure firm and slow  
He will fold his ancient foe,  
Mountain-ribbed old Mexico  
To his breast.

With his right he would embrace  
Ha, ha, ha!  
Maid of Franco-English race,  
Canada;  
But, alas, she’s in a pet  
Over land she failed to get  
When the Alaskan line was set  
By her ma!

To the south are other maids,  
Lovely too!  
None of your ancient wrinkled jades  
Of faded hue;  
Uncle Sam will lead them all  
Into his big republican hall,  
And be the cock of this earthly ball  
Before he’s through!

## TIT FOR TAT.

A preacher and a teacher  
To Euterpe offered suit;  
The parson played the violin,  
The pedagog the flute.

The schoolmaster grew witty  
And smiled in quiet glee,  
Remarking to the clergyman:  
"You're just a fiddle D. D."

Back came a quick rejoinder,  
Which squelched the funny fluter:  
"What better then are you,  
You good for nothing tutor?"

---

## SKATING ON VERY THIN ICE.

In the cold chilly days of December,  
When the mercury went down below,  
We boys used to tramp, I remember,  
Away through the deep drifting snow,  
To find a good place on the river,  
Where the surface was glary and nice;  
Oh, how our young hearts used to quiver,  
As we skated on very thin ice!

In my rambles from nation to nation,  
About this bit of a sphere  
I have made a close observation,  
Of folks who "get left in the rear."  
Without wasting your time in debating,  
Let me whisper a little advice;  
You can't be too careful, when skating,  
When skating on very thin ice.

The duke who marries an heiress  
To pay off his debts with her tin,  
Had better look out, or he'll fare as  
The fool, who skates right over in.  
When she finds that her shrewd game of  
mating  
Has cost her an elegant price,  
He'll find that he's only been skating,  
Been skating on very thin ice.

The man who goes carelessly sparking  
A woman, who now has a spouse,  
Had better be carefully marking  
The storm he is likely to rouse;  
While he takes not a thought of the morrow,  
And his game works "as slick as a mice,"  
He finds all at once to his sorrow,  
That he's skating on very thin ice.

Let the preacher, who pushes his nose in  
To matters concerning the town,  
Be careful how deeply he goes in,  
Or 'twill topple his Reverence down.  
It may tickle his self estimation,  
To shake the political dice,  
But too much cerebral inflation  
Is risky on very thin ice.

There are Congressmen skating in glory  
On the floor of our capitol halls,  
Who come 'neath the veil of my story  
And are hazarding dangerous falls;  
While they throw to the people, when speaking,  
A hand-full of flattering rice,  
They hear not the ominous creaking  
Of the hard-strained and rubbery ice.

Oh yes, there are thousands of brothers,  
Who fearlessly strap on their skates  
And strike out to show all the others  
How to gracefully cut figure-eights;  
But one thing is often forgotten,  
As each makes his special device,  
To see, whether solid or rotten  
And how thick is the coating of ice?

---

### **THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.**

When Ollie James was one day asked  
To place in juxtapose  
Our Ex and Acting Presidents,  
He calmly scratched his nose,  
And said : "While Grover is so tired  
To hunt is 'gainst his wish,  
Our Teddie is so strenuous  
He cannot bear to fish."

---

### **NOT SO FAST THIS TIME.**

When Roberts from the Lake of Salt  
To Washington did roam,  
A crowd of women called a halt  
And sent him right back home.

But Smoot doth calmly sit and smile;  
For the Senate moves so slow,  
That the ladies' hats go out of style,  
Before they make him go!

---

### **CHRISTMAS VACATION, 1903.**

The Senators are resting now;  
They've done the best they could,  
They'll soon resume with furrowed brow  
Their job of sawing Wood.

## RING VERSUS BLOW.

In years gone by Lord Tennyson  
Of New-year bells would sing  
And line by line he'd call on them  
To ring, ring, ring!

But now a sudden midnight thrill  
Sends home its twinge of woe ;  
You wake to hear those whistles shrill,  
That blow, blow, blow!

On every key from a to g  
A deafening wail they scream,  
Unearthly blast of sound aghast  
Poured fourth by hissing steam!

They tell of the busy whirring wheels,  
Of the man, that never swerves  
From his daily toil, though oft he feels  
The ache of yielding nerves.

They tell of the blind and desperate chase  
After gold in this land of ours,  
And the long enduring stubborn race  
Of industrial warring powers.

But let us have more of the old-time heart,  
That forces us to sing,  
And more of the cry for the New-year bells  
To ring, ring, ring!

Give us rest from the strife of this strenuous life  
With its furnaces aglow,  
Which e'en in the night our spirits fright  
And blow, blow, blow!

## UNCLE SAM.

Which may be sung to the tune of Dixie.

There's a man, who is loved in the land of cotton,  
And away up north he will never be forgotten;

Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam is the man!  
He's the man, who owns from Atlantic to Pacific,  
A grand old farm, most rich and prolific;  
Uncle Sam, etc.

Three cheers for his old trousers! Hurrah! Hurrah!

His name shall roll from pole to pole;

We'll fight for him, the dear old soul!

Hip, hurrah! Hip, hurrah! Hip, hurrah for Uncle  
Samuel! [Bis]

He smiles on the girls, is a little bit frisky;

He smokes and he chews, is a judge of good whiskey;

Uncle Sam, etc.

He is quick, he is slick, mighty sharp in a dicker;

He's handy with his fists and an awful hard kicker;

Uncle Sam, etc.

Three cheers for his old coat-tails! etc.

For the boy, who comes from the isle of Erin,

Or Fritz with his mug to pour lager beer in,

Uncle Sam, etc.

He's the man, who can gather up the whole creation,

And make of us all a whoppin' big nation;

Uncle Sam, etc.

Three cheers for his old stove-pipe! etc.

---

## TOKENS.

They breathe of love, these gentle flowers,

We spread upon his bier,

Sweet symbols of the noble powers,

That won us year by year.



They breathed of love upon her breast  
But yesterday a bride,  
And sweeter than to all the rest  
To him, her shield and guide.

They fade as breaks the mystic tie,  
Which made two natures one;  
Hope, happiness. and flowers die,  
As sinks a setting sun.

---

### CHANGED HIS MIND SINCE.

Said Johnny to his mammy:  
"When I shall married be,  
I'll be the head and master  
Of all my family!"

Said Mammy then to Johnny  
With meaning deep and sage:  
"That's what your papa fancied,  
When he was of your age."

---

### A WINTER FLASH LIGHT

'Tis midnight in the city and the people draw within;  
The mercury is thirty-five below;  
The wind is howling wildly and the pavement's usual  
din  
Is muffled by a cloak of dirty snow.

Upon a wretched pallet in an attic room bereft  
Of all the things, that cheer a sinking soul,  
Alone a boy is dying, for his mother has just left  
To beg the neighbors for a hod of coal.

He feels the dread pneumonia sapping all his life  
away;

He shivers, as the dismal spectre nears;  
There is nothing, that can solace, but to raise his  
eyes and pray  
To his Father, who can banish all his fears.

He gazes at the ceiling, while he folds his little hands,  
And offers up this simple heart-felt prayer:

"Oh, God, when I am dead and gone to happier, holier  
lands,  
Please give me all the *fire*, that you can spare!

---

### IF THE DEVIL SHOULD GIVE IT UP!

Ever since our dear parents in fair Eden's grove  
With the wiles of a serpent disastrously strove,  
'Tis said that a battle has been on the go  
'Twixt Jehovah on high and his nibs down below.

I've been pondering some on this theory deep,  
And have wondered indeed, why the good Lord should  
keep

A devil nearby to oppose his own plan  
Of making a saint out of obstinate man!

And the query comes home with a terrible force,  
Suppose once that Sa'an should alter his course,  
And, weary of struggling with angels of light,  
Should take a rash notion to give up the fight?

There'd be gladness of heart in each erring boy;  
Poor sinners would send up a paean of joy;  
But certain bright prospects doomed surely to fail  
Would bring from some quarters a sorrowful wail.

**The parson bemoaning his fate you would find,  
For up goes his business like dust in the wind!  
With the devil omitted he rises to preach  
And finds that the bottom has dropt out of his speech!**

**For good missionaries, who sail o'er the wave,  
The heathen from dark misconceptions to save,  
There'd be no demand, since from Satan relieved  
It would be immaterial as to what they believed.**

**And what would our strong-minded women then do?  
There would be no more need that your Wife C. T. U.  
For without any devil, nobody can think,  
That a man would befoggle his noddle with drink.**

**The Salvation Army would be minus a job;  
Those Church Book Concerns of their profits 'twould  
rob;  
The priest at confession no more souls could shrive,  
And he'd soon miss the boodle, that keeps him alive.**

**And alas, we would have no kind fellow to take  
All the blame for our deeds and smart for our sake;  
Forbearing old Devil! He never complains!  
The whole world reviles, but his patience remains!**

**No, no, your Majesty, stick to the fight!  
Good folks need resistance to spur up their might;  
Without any devil we'd all go to sleep;  
The world would be dull—too insipid to keep!**

## YANKEE DOODLE UP TO DATE.

There is a land, that doth expand  
With slow and steady motion;  
Her flag now flies in tropic skies  
Across the western ocean!

Yankee Doodle—fill your cup;  
Yankee Doodle-dandy!  
Everybody whoop her up  
For Yankee Doodle-dandy!

When we came here there did appear  
A howling mob of red-men;  
“Just go way back, you devils black!”  
Is what our fathers said then.

We next did pull from Johnny Bull  
The swaddling cords asunder,  
And turned about in glee to shout;  
“Now you may go to thunder!”

To Mexico we marched, and lo,  
She lost her darling Texas!  
Both Spain and France were made to dance  
When they essayed to vex us.

We missed it once and like a dunce  
We went ourselves to fighting;  
But now it's past; we're healing fast,  
And everything is righting.

Not long ago, that we might show  
Our vim was not abating,  
We freed the isle of Cuba, while  
The rest were merely waiting.

Oh, have you heard, how England stirred  
To wrath her loved Dominion,  
When on that "line" she did incline  
To favor our opinion?

When Russia proud too hard doth crowd  
Upon the coast of Asia,  
A note from Hay comes into play  
With force that doth amaze ye!

From sea to sea we soon shall be  
That ship canal a digging,  
And then will ring, as sailors sing  
On high amidst the rigging,

Yankee Doodle--fill your cup!  
Yankee Doodle-dandy!  
Everybody whoop her up  
For Yankee Doodle-dandy!

---

### **SOCIALISM.**

Said the Socialistic father to his rapt attentive son:  
You must hate the bloated capitalist through life;  
But, if circumstances favor and the lady can be won,  
You may love his only daughter as a wife!

---

### **THE RISE OF MAN.**

At first he lived a child of chance,  
A slave to fraud and necromance,  
The world in myst'ry wrapped around,  
His mind in superstition bound.

But as the centuries rolled along,  
His heart burst forth in joyous song,  
For deep within his nature lay  
A force that drove vile ghosts away.

Egyptian priests enslaved his thought,  
But Grecian schools his freedom sought;  
A cloud of darkness floated o'er,  
But Science found another shore,  
Where blossom'ing intellect supreme  
Shall realize his wildest dream.  
At last he wields the mighty rod  
Of thought, and seems almost a God.

---

### WAR.

'Tis come at last, the fearful clash  
Of races crowding in the east!  
With slow resistless motion on  
Across the vast Siberian wilds  
The tireless Russian spreads his realm  
And binds it with long rods of iron.  
He seeks the sea for commerce dear  
And vital to the weal of man.  
The peasant youth is forced to draw  
The fateful card that seals his doom;  
One last embrace of loving wife  
Or weeping mother, and away  
To face the brave and active Japs!  
This island nation is alive  
With wrath and patriotic fire.  
Her battle ships are smoking hot;  
Impatiently they tread the waves.  
Her army drilled and ready stands  
An automatic thing of death.  
Each soldier pants to show what deeds  
Of mortal execution he  
Can do for home and fatherland.  
And so it nears, the awful shock  
Of doubly hammered impetus!  
They both invoke the God of Heaven  
And rush to grip each other's throat!  
Ah, helpless man, a slave to law!

Like tigers in the tangle dense  
We "struggle for existence," and  
In heat of raging battle prove  
Who are "the fittest to survive."  
How long, O, Lord, how long shall rule  
This law of fire and hate and blood?  
When shall we feel the kindly showers  
Of love bedew this world of ours?

---

### THE FIRST CLIP.

While the Russian takes his naps,  
The pesky little Japs  
Sail up and fire their awful torpedoes;  
And then they turn about  
From Port Arthur skip right out;  
But the Russian—to the bottom down he goes!

---

### WARNING.

"I've nailed your latest photograph  
Upon my chamber wall,  
And every night with merry laugh  
At Morphia's gentle call  
I throw to it a little kiss  
And sink away in dreams  
Of you, my Love; oh, perfect bliss!  
How real it always seems!"

'Twas thus she wrote—the very facts!  
Beware, sweet maid, beware!  
That picture may rip out the tacks  
And jump right down from there!  
Though as an inert thing 'tis prized  
With feelings soft and warm,  
Remember, it was sensitized,  
Before it took its form!

## THE HEART OF A THIEF.

The night is now far spent and cold,  
The city fast asleep;  
A robber groping after gold  
His vigils lone doth keep.

He skulks along the grottos dank  
With bulls-eye light in hand;  
He's 'neath the New York City Bank,  
The boldest of his band.

He cracks the safe; the treasures shine  
Before his gloating eyes;  
"Ye're mire!" he whispers; "all are mine!  
Ah, what a noble prize!"

But midst the contents there appears  
A piece unlike the rest;  
He stops to look, nor heeds the fears,  
That boil within his breast.

He sees the bust of Winfield Scott,  
"November 3rd, '14,"  
Our General without a blot  
Upon his honor's sheen.

And then the name of "Chippewa"—  
He knows that battle well—  
And underneath "Niagara,"  
Where many a brave lad fell.

"I'll put it back!" he mutters low;  
"I'm not the man to steal  
A medal Congress struck to show  
The love the people feel!"



On guard above a grave I'll stand,  
While out the corpse we bring;  
E'en off a dying woman's hand  
I'll twist her wedding ring;

But never will I draw a breath,  
That shall disturb this sign,  
Which lauds a soldier facing death  
For his good land and mine!"

And, though 'twas gold, and heavy too,  
A token rich and pure,  
All shining in its case of blue  
He left it there secure.

---

### METEOROLOGICAL.

Two young ladies from the city  
Came into our town;  
Each was dressed for summer weather  
In a low necked gown.

Now they chanced to read the paper  
And with doleful faces  
Saw, the weatherman predicted  
"Frost in exposed places."

Said the jollier of the pair:  
Guess I'll doff these laces,  
Get a shawl and cover up  
All my "exposed places."

## SONG OF THE BALLOT.

Dedicated to Susan B. Anthony. Air: "Marching through Georgia."

Oh, there's trouble everywhere, on land and on the sea!  
To war and superstition all the nations bend the knee;  
If from future danger our Columbia you would free,  
Let women share in the ballot!

Why not? Why not the ladies now include?

Why not? Why not, ye politicians shrewd?

Do you fear the purity, with which they are imbued,  
May get control of the ballot?

When you're doing wrong, my boy, who do you fear  
to meet?

From your fiancée or sister why should you retreat?  
Will you not feel proud at last, when both of these  
you greet

Helping to rule with the ballot?

Any stupid immigrant or negro lately freed,  
Any drunken bummer or consumer of the weed,  
Any *man* is good enough, although he cannot read,  
To trust with the power of the ballot!

All the schools and colleges are filling up with girls,  
And beneath the beauty of their fascinating curls  
Seem to hide the rarest of those intellectual pearls;  
Why, just the thing for the ballot!

And, as to the property, they own it all, you know;  
For, although we strut about and make an awful  
show,

They just hold the mortgages upon our hearts, and so  
Might just as well hold the ballot.

Oh yes, oh yes, the girls you must include!

Oh yes, oh yes, ye politicians shrewd;

Then we'll have the purity, with which they are imbued,  
Firm in control of the ballot!

## TYPOGRAPHICAL.

In Piedmont there dwells a fair maid,  
Who merrily works at her trade  
Of setting up type,  
While her loveliness ripe  
At her feet many victims has laid.  
Now to one she wished to explain  
Of distinction a delicate grain  
'Twixt "publish" and "print,"  
And a bright little hint  
Came out in the following vein :  
"For instance," said she, "you might print  
A kiss on my cheek"—then a tint  
Of rosiest hue  
Flashed forth into view—  
"But to publish would cost you a mint!"  
"'Tis plainer than day! I confess,"  
Said he and with fondest caress  
He "locked" her sweet "form"  
In his arms big and warm,  
And the volume went straightway to press.

---

## WHICH.

Away through the wind and the snow  
After coffee and sugar and butter,  
Her Christian devotion to show,  
She snuggles 'neath the robes of a cutter ;  
But the query comes pressing to mind,  
Though nobody wishes to chide her,  
To which is her heart most inclined,  
To the church or the man there beside her ?

### CONVINCED.

A lecturer did once expand  
To Germans in their native land  
Upon the woes that do befall  
The intemperate use of alcohol.

With open mouth and ears acute  
Hans Dummer sat and listened mute,  
And, when the fearful tale was told,  
He rose the speaker to uphold:

"We have good beer and snaps" said he;  
"That's drink enough for you and me;  
I don't see why we should at all  
Swill down this goldarned alcohol!"

---

### LIVING STATUARY.

Adolph and Fritz in nature's trim  
Stole in the park to take a swim;  
When suddenly they both did see  
Some people coming leisurely.  
In consternation, what to do,  
They stood abashed, these sinners two.  
Then Adolph said with wise intent:  
"Let's climb up on that monument!  
Come hurry! It's not fifteen rods!  
They'll think we're little Grecian Gods!"

---

### EXPLAINED.

The eye, which he lacks  
Resulted from whacks,  
That his wife inflicted, alas!  
When their sweet honey-moon  
Went down all too soon  
And they both took to pasture for grass.

### TO COUSIN HATTIE.

Upon the reverse side of this you'll see  
A tracing of my physiognomy.  
'Twill show what wonders modern art can do  
In hiding imperfections from the view.

By vain desire of fame or honor fanned  
We flaunt our features broad cast through the land;  
On good forbearing friends we thus impose  
A pair of unlined optics or a crooked nose.

But pray forgive, for with the best intent  
This half-tone of yours truly has been sent.  
The greatest marvel yet remains to say;  
Scarce half a cent for it he had to pay!

---

### A FIRM FOUNDATION.

Now that we're strongly militant  
And need so many men,  
It will not do to sit and rant  
Against the Mormon ken.

Ye bachelors and husbands, who  
Have not a single son,  
Just bring within your mental view  
What Prophet Smith has done!

Six women has he ta'en to wive,  
Fed, housed and bonneted,  
And sons and daughters forty-five  
Into the world has led.

If soldiers, sailors, nurses must  
For Uncle Sam be found,  
In Smith and Smoot we'll put our trust  
And rest on solid ground!

## THE JAPANESE MOTHER.

A youth of Takasaki stands by his mother's side,  
The idol of her marriage, her only darling pride:  
"Why go you not to battle against the barbarous  
horde,  
Which over all Manchuria the hateful Czar has  
poured?"  
"There's a law upon our records, which says I  
cannot fight,  
While a widowed mother's living depends upon my  
plight."  
The woman drew a dagger and plunged it in her  
breast:  
"Take this," she gasped, "and use it at your father-  
land's behest;  
When in distress our country for soldiers brave doth  
cry,  
I'll show them how a mother to free her son can die!"

---

## A MODERN MOHAMMED.

In a parlor sits a maiden, her mother and her beau;  
The conversation lags a bit—indeed becomes quite  
slow.  
A burden seems to rest upon the young man's  
troubled mind,  
A something for which proper words are very hard  
to find.  
He gazes on the maiden with a deep absorbing look,  
Much as an earnest student pours o'er his college book.  
The girl looks so inviting—the doting mother too  
Is wrapt in close attention and keeps the youth in  
view.

"Shall I say the word?" he muses within his worried soul;

"Shall I fling away my freedom and try the married role?"

He stares into the corner and sees a struggling fly  
All tangled in a spider's web and just about to die.

He watches mute the drama with vital interest  
Each effort of the victim finds an echo in his breast;  
"Excuse me please!" he stammers; "I fear I am unwell!"

He grabs his hat and bolting—yea, one might say  
he fell—

A-down the steps and homeward with rapid nervous bound

He measures with athletic legs the intervening ground.  
And all a-tremble there he sits and ponders God's wise plan;

"Once more," says he, "a spider's web has saved  
a helpless man!"

---

## JAPANESE WAR POEM.

[From a German Translation.]

The lion, king of the forest  
Roaring his fearful alarms,  
Is the happy and proud English nation's  
Threatening coat of arms.  
Hail and bless him!

Then why should we fear old Bruin,  
Who distant lands would devour?  
We scorn his stupid embracing,  
We defy his faithless power.  
Up and bind him!

Our army and navy are drilling;  
The war is at hand, hurrah!  
Europe is in our favor,  
And with us America.  
Off to battle!

We struggle for our sacred right;  
With spirit we will fight the fight;  
We'll bravely draw and man for man  
We'll show the stuff, that's in Japan.

---

### BEWARE THE WIDOWS!

Anent the edict lately made  
By which a pension will be paid  
To every soldier, who at sixty-two or more  
is rated,  
The query comes, are widows lorn,  
Who, when war ceased, were not yet born,  
In thirty-nine brief years completely in-  
capacitated?

---

### THE RURAL DELIVERY.

With countenance wasted and pale  
And horse as thin as a rail  
Along the hill sides  
The poor fellow rides,  
Who carries the government mail.

No matter how hard it may blow,  
Through mud, slush, water, and snow,  
Though the mercury sink  
To hell's very brink,  
Yet over the route he must go.



When it's hot as Sahara's dread blast,  
You'll see him ride pluckily past;  
Not a thing must retard  
That dear postal card,  
Until in the fire it is cast.

The pretty milkmaid comes in view  
And scolds till the air is all blue.  
If he now and then fails  
From amidst his avails  
To hand her a sweet billet-doux.

Should his regular paper not come,  
The farmer offended and grum  
Suggests that the post  
With all of its boast  
"Aint worth a gee whittaker dum!"

Devoid of all comfort and cheer,  
At six hundred dollars a year,  
As meek as a lamb  
He serves Uncle Sam  
And fights with the elements drear.

---

### A MINT JULEP.

Take Rebecca for a stroll  
Down a cool ravine,  
Where the dark and fragrant leaves  
Of peppermint are seen.

Give her some to chew, and, when  
Her lips are nice and sweet,  
You will find a Jew-lip then  
Very hard to beat.

## TRAGEDY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Columbia, and Uncle Sam,  
Stuff cotton in your ears,  
Or else turn on an extra flush  
Of agonizing tears;  
For midst the lovely blossoms  
And warbling birds of spring  
The Members of Your Congress  
Are trying now to sing!

"My Country 'tis of Thee," they groan,  
And can no farther go;  
The other words in childhood days  
Perhaps they used to know.  
Their voices hoarse and broken  
From yelling on the floor  
Sound like the wail of sinners,  
Whose day of hope is o'er.

And, oh, rash man, who dares to start  
That song of Francis Key!  
There's not a politician there,  
Who can the high notes see.  
Ah, miserable fiasco!  
A patriotic air  
Amidst a mob has fallen  
With all her beauty rare!

Oh, for the German soul that sings  
His noble "Wacht am Rhein,"  
Or Frenchman's spirit, that doth drown.  
His "Marseilles" in wine,  
Or Scotch, or Dutch, or Spaniard—  
They all can raise on high  
An anthem to their country,  
That will their foes defy!

But, when our legislators shrewd  
Have squandered all our gold,  
They turn about and murder songs  
In blood, that's freezing cold.  
Have mercy, oh, have mercy!  
We will our money bring,  
If you'll spare our tender feelings  
And never try to sing!

---

### THE TRIP OF THE LIBERTY BELL.

Yes, give the dear old bell a trip  
All o'er the hustling west!  
And let the people call to mind  
How patriots did their best  
To build a fane of liberty  
Which should forever stand  
The embodiment of statutes,  
The soul of all our land.  
And as it travels through the states,  
Which Jefferson once bought,  
Let's ask ourselves, if we still guard  
What in those days was wrought?  
Is freedom what it used to be  
Before the power of gold  
Built up its throne so broad and high,  
That all the kings of old  
Like pigmies seem! And as we writhe  
In torture on the rack  
Of trusts and unions screwing tight  
Behold, the old bell's crack!  
It was to peal forth liberty  
The patriot pulled so hard  
And left the ancient metal form  
Forever deeply scarred.

And was it then prophetic? Ah,  
Shall we in future moan  
Seamed by monopolistic greed  
That spoils our noble tone?  
Great God, forbid it! Break the spell  
That clouds the hearts of men,  
And let the grand old freedom bell  
Ring out uncracked again!

---

### MEMORIES.

"In years gone by," the husband said;  
"When first in love we met,  
Your lips were like the roses red,  
Your hair was black as jet."  
"Ah, yes," she said; "I can recall;  
Your eye was firm and bright,  
Your moustache did not droop at all,  
Your nose was purest white!"

---

### AUTOMATRIMONY.

When an old man marries a sweet girl wife  
And buys her an automobile,  
He will speed very fast through the rest of his life,  
No matter how young he may feel.  
She sits there enthroned, the queen of his heart,  
And runs his domestic machine;  
She toots out a warning, and, though his nerves start,  
Turns on the full force of benzine.  
He is running 'gainst time in a heart-straining race;  
There's a soft little hand at the brake,  
Which never shuts down on the terrible pace,  
But is proud of the breeze they can make.

And the crash comes anon; the thing makes a leap  
And heads for the awful unknown,  
But she steps quickly off, and into the deep  
He goes blindly plunging alone.

And then, a sweet widow in delicate black,  
Which looks "just too lovely" on her,  
She hunts up her lover, her own dearest Jack,  
And makes him her future chauffeur.

---

### THE PLATFORM 1904.

The Democrats are looking for a man to lead them on  
And a rousing old-time slogan for the multitudes to  
shout;  
They have found the man in Parker and you'll hear  
the cry anon,  
"Lower tariffs, scotch the trusts, and turn the  
blooming rascals out!"

We are tired of paying taxes on the things that should  
be free,  
Just to stuff the big fat pocket books of bloated  
millionaires,  
And, when we see them selling cheap to people o'er  
the sea,  
We think it's time the tariff's come a trundling down  
the stairs.

There's an evil in our country, which is breeding  
very fast,  
And the slimy brood is wriggling over hill and  
dale and plain;  
Oh, the prices we are forced to pay just make us stand  
aghast!  
We must get the trusts beneath our heel and stamp  
with might and main.

You have read about the post-office and how the fellows steal—

How our Congressmen are pushing up the salaries of friends?

And the fraud in western public lands make honest voters feel,

That it's time these politicians to the people make amends.

So it looks as if a torrent would go sweeping o'er the land,

Washing all this rank corruption to the ocean in its route,

And the Jeffersonian slogan will resound with its demand,

"Lower tariffs, scotch the trusts, and turn the blooming rascals out!"

---

### A REGAL BIRTH.

As Bessie and her mother in the royal park

Were walking one bright June morn,

A cannon was fired, and the woman said: "Hark,  
A prince of the nation is born!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Bessie, with dark eyes keen  
Underneath her little straw hat;

"When a baby boy comes to the king and queen,  
Does it always rattle like that?"

---

### BLANK SORROW.

[From the French of Emile Nelligan.]

Our souls are so deep, and as empty as the sky!  
Oh, my Love, lets go hence! You suffer; so do I.

Let's fly to the castle of the purely ideal,  
Away from material things and all that's real.

**To the shores of illusion, the isle of lies,  
O'er the nave of twenty years in dreams we will rise.**

**'Tis a land of singing birds and full of purest gold;  
On a bed of sweetest roses we'll sleep till we are old.**

**We'll rest ourselves there from our spiritual wars  
In the rhythm of the flute and the waltz of the stars.**

**Let's fly to the castle of the purely ideal,  
Away from material things and all that's real!**

**Will you die with me, Love? You suffer; so do I,  
Our souls are so deep, and as empty as the sky!**

---

### **KIDNAPPING.**

**There's a business method spreading—**

**And its progress is not slow—**

**In which they lug off people**

**Where they do not care to go;**

**And, before they are surrendered**

**To their sympathizing friends,**

**Some pocket-books are opened**

**For the board to make amends.**

**We all do well remember**

**How the public heart did toss**

**In waves of deep emotion**

**O'er the rape of Charlie Ross,**

**And when Miss Stone was corralled**

**By a horrid heathen band**

**The hair of every christian**

**In wrath on end did stand.**

**But worse than these is truly**

**The Perdicaris case,**

**Where after bold Rasuli**

**Four nations make a chase.**

It seems to be too risky,  
This wandering round at large,  
There are so many bandits  
To take a chap in charge;  
So stay at home, my sonny,  
And with your mamma chat,  
You'll thereby save your mòiney  
And know just "where you're at."

---

### THEY WOULD NOT PAY.

When Susan B. and Carrie C.  
Were stopping in Berlin,  
The landlord gay in the usual way  
His little bill sent in.

And 'gainst these dames with noble aims  
An item did appear,  
Whence one might think they'd ordered drink,  
Some wine and lager-beer!

You may surmise, there did arise  
A storm upon that sea;  
But the land-lord came and calmed the same  
By substituting "tea."

---

### TO FLORENCE.

How bright seems graduation!  
But life is yet ahead.  
You've reached the first way station,  
But still must onward tread.

I send congratulation,  
And wish you great success.  
May your infatuation  
For study ne'er grow less.



## GOOD SOIL.

The farmers now will all be found  
Within Republican ranks;  
They'll surely see the best of ground  
In Roosevelt (Rosefield) and Fairbanks.

---

## THE LOCOMOTIVE.

As along the Cresson hills you roam  
And feast on the wondrous view,  
A chorus of voices fills the dome  
And comes rolling up to you.

They seem imbued with human life,  
Though they issue from breasts of steel;  
You can hear the sighs of toil and strife,  
Which men and women feel.

Two long shrill cries make the air resound—  
They come from a spot out of sight—  
But an echoing answer proves there's found  
A helper, who says: "A-l-l—r-i-g-h-t!"

A belching snort, the driver slips,  
And, if ever an engine doth swear,  
It is now that a volley escapes her lips  
As black as the enfolding air.

But her mate puffs too, and they seem to say,  
As the wheels begin to roll  
So slowly around on the iron way  
With their tons upon tons of coal:

"Though it's heavy, awful heavy,  
I can pull it! I can push it!  
Now it's moving, slowly moving;  
We can do it! We can do it!"

Methinks there is many a sturdy soul  
In this struggling world of ours,  
Whose burden is just as hard to roll  
And calls for as mighty powers.

And often too the driver slips  
And a cry goes up for aid;  
But the sand applied, once more it grips  
And bravely climbs the grade.

---

### TO X. WITH A PICTURE OF A BATHING SUIT.

Now here you see how sweet you'd look  
Dressed for a little plunge,  
Concealed within a shady nook  
Away from tub and sponge.

The costume has a comely fit,  
Is made of fabric fine;  
But, when you try to swim in it,  
'Taint half so nice as mine!

Oh, when I jump into the lake  
Upon an August day,  
I cannot bear for fashion's sake  
To check the muscle's play;

So in the garb that God gave me  
I steal down by the shore,  
And 'mongst the frogs and fishes free  
There's one amphibian more.

---

### FALLING IN LOVE.

Eugene and Elizabeth went for a ride,  
Each one in an automobile;  
The speed they could make was a source of great pride,  
Which to both of their hearts did appeal.

One sped east the other sped west ;  
Their eyes accidentally met,  
And a cry escaped from Elizabeth's breast  
Of pitiful helpless regret.

They threw up their arms as the crash came on,  
The machines arose with a bound,  
And down 'mongst the daises the couple anon  
In a dizzy embrace spun around.

So delightful it was, they never forgot,  
And the net result of that day  
Was a nice little home on a suburban lot  
And three pretty babies at play.

---

### THE PRIEST'S BELIEF.

A pastor lives in a mansion grand—  
He is a "man of God"—  
High o'er the roof a cross doth stand  
And a first-class lightning-rod !

And thus it seems, the holy friar  
Fears that the Lord may lack  
The power to steer His heavenly fire  
Adown the proper track.

Not by our words, but by our deeds  
In this bad world of sin,  
Must we be tried to find the creeds,  
On which our faith we pin.

---

### MATINS.

Mary and Will were deep in love  
And tried hard not to show it ;  
The stroke fell on them from above ;  
Their parents did not know it.

But scarce was breakfast safely o'er,  
When out there in the kitchen  
Behind a friendly cellar door  
To hug and kiss they'd pitch in.

One day her mother noticed, that  
The pair too long were missing  
And bolting out she struck them pat,  
While they were wildly kissing.

And when she asked: "What do I see?  
Such strange phantastic motions!"  
The girl exclaimed: "Why, Will and me  
Be's at our first devotions!"

---

### **THE FATHER'S CHEER.**

To toil is hard, if all there is  
Ahead is simply pelf;  
The mind reverts and feeds upon  
The barren husks of self;

But toil is lighter, when at home  
About the little gate  
A happy group impatiently  
For papa watch and wait.

---

### **THE EDITOR'S TRUST.**

The youthful poet sat and mused:  
"I've found a new combine!  
To fourteen papers have I sent  
This first thusette of mine;  
But, though I search the columns through  
With most persistent care,  
The verses do not come to view;  
Can't see them anywhere!"

## THE FATAL GLASS.

Oh, doubly sweet that glass of wine,  
Which passed from her lips straight to mine;  
We sip alternate drop by drop  
And drain the last one ere we stop.

We thrice fill up, and, as she sips,  
I kiss the drippings from her lips.  
A strange intoxicant it is,  
This nectar-flavored luscious kiss.

She's Cupid, Bacchus, all to me;  
A thousand gods in her I see!  
Ah, fatal, fatal glass of wine,  
That first touched her lips then touched mine!

---

## TIMES ARE CHANGED.

An old grey-headed parson,  
Who used to roar and pound,  
Comes back to wander over  
His ancient stamping ground,  
Where in the red school-houses  
He made the sinners quake  
With fears of sure damnation  
In Hades' burning lake.  
But, oh, how changed the customs!  
The folks no longer crowd  
To seek for their salvation  
Before a preacher loud,  
But calmly at their fireside  
They read the last review,  
And leave the dust to gather  
Upon the family pew.

Ah, strange anachronism!  
The world has onward rolled,  
While you have clung persistent  
To everything, that's old.  
Mourn not, you cannot stop it;  
It's moving swiftly past;  
The darkest superstition  
Gives way to light at last.

---

### **LAZINESS.**

He stood upon the river bank—  
It was a torrid day—  
The other boys were plunging round  
Amidst the cooling spray;  
"Say, Henry, aint ye comin in?"  
Said one kid as he rose;  
"Oh, no, I guess not—too much work  
To take off all my clothes!"

---

### **SPRING BLOSSOMS.**

Bright flowers in varied colors blow  
All o'er the meads in gorgeous mats,  
But, paling nature's feebler show,  
They fairly blaze on ladies' hats.

---

### **IT FINISHED HIM**

"The score? The score? what was the score?"  
The dying man cried out in pain;  
The answer heard, he breathed no more;  
The game was called because of rain!

### SYNONYMOUS.

She gazed into her singing book  
Upon the Sabbath day,  
And saw the first piece in the same  
Was called "The Opening Lay;"  
She whispered in the tenor's ear:  
Look at that name, I beg;  
Now don't you think 'twere better termed  
"The Pullet's Maiden Egg?"

---

### NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO F. H.

May you and your mother  
Just freeze to each other  
In a crystal of love most naive;  
And the year '89  
Spring a Bonanza mine  
More rich than 'tis safe to conceive!  
And then may the weather,  
Which froze you together  
Grow stealthily warmer and coy,  
Till that crystal dissolving  
Your natures involving  
Flows off in a liquid of joy.

---

### LEAVING HOME.

The snows of eighty winters had whistled o'er his  
head,  
His hair and beard were soft and purest white,  
When finally the doctor those fatal words had said:  
"You must go south, where days are warm and  
bright.

These zero nights, and blizzards, that round our hill-  
sides roar,  
Are sapping all your strength, so help you, God!  
To stay and fight the elements about one season more  
Will lay your tottering frame beneath the sod."

And then the old man sold his home and auctioned  
off his stuff,  
Each article he'd used for many a year;  
The prices, which they realized appeared not half  
enough,  
To him the things were sacred and so dear!

He walked around the little place and took a farewell  
look  
At every cherished vine and apple tree,  
And thought how long he'd cared for them and with  
his pruning hook  
Had trained them into fruitful harmony.

The neighbors gathered near the door and wished  
him every joy,  
But tears were mingled with each warm adieu;  
He was leaving home forever, and nobody but his "boy"  
Could go along to see him safely through.

The hardest of the partings, though, was with his  
faithful dog,  
Who gazed so kind and loving in his eye;  
The old man's voice was trembling, and a cold and  
hazy fog  
Came o'er his vision, as he heaved a sigh.

He held the paw, that rose to him, and softly said:  
"Good by;  
'Twill be a very close race 'twixt us two;  
Which shall hold out the longer, old Sancho, you or I?  
'Tis hard to go and leave you as I do!"



Oh, reader, have you seen an oak torn from its native  
ground?

How every root doth cling tenaciously?  
'Twas thus the fibers, which for years about his soul  
had wound,  
Were severed now and bleeding let him free.

But 'tis not long, that aged trees transplanted will  
survive;

In new though better soil their time is brief;  
The old man lingered but a while, and came not  
back alive—

His dog took sick and died before of grief.

---

### SWEET SIXTEEN.

Of moods and humors rare  
And joys scarce understood  
How full the souls of maidens are,  
That bloom toward womanhood."

---

### WHY IT WAS SPOILED

She was looking at the negative  
And was in a low-necked gown;  
The picture was not good at all  
And made her sweet face frown.  
"You must sit again," the artist said—  
"Please take it with composure--  
The trouble with the first one is,  
There was too much exposure."

## A QUERY.

"Cantelope ! cantelope !" cried the vender in the street,  
As the people surged along, in dizzy whirl;  
"Why not, old man ? Why not ?" a gamin did repeat;  
Is there something the matter with your girl?"

---

## THE COLOR GUARD.

From the German of Feodor Loewe.

Upon the watch the minstrel soldier stands  
And greets with song the soft and silent night;  
He strikes his harp with light but bloody hands,  
And thinks of home and friends and lovers' plight :  
    "The maiden, whom I love, I do not name—  
    Her spirit sweet is ever hovering 'round me—  
I'll strike for light, for freedom, and for fame,  
    True to the flag, to which my oath has bound  
    me !"

The night goes by and morning brings the fight.  
The minstrel guards his colors firm and boldly.  
Now swings his sword with brilliant flashing light ;  
He strikes to ground his foemen singing coldly :  
    "The maiden, whom I love, I do not name,  
And, if grim death his tendrels weave around me !  
I'll die for light, for freedom, and for fame,  
    True to the flag, to which my oath has bound  
    me !"

Now death is satiated, victory reigns.  
From gaping wounds the minstrel's life is streaming.  
He grasps his colors tighter midst his pains,  
And sings once more, as if in slumber dreaming :  
    "The maiden, whom I loved, I did not name;  
Aye, true in death the fickle world has found me;  
I fought and fell for freedom, light, and fame,  
    True to the flag, to which my oath had bound  
    me !"

### **SELF SACRIFICING.**

She climbed into the street car—  
She weighed three hundred pound—  
And blushing she stood there  
And look confused around.

A gallant youth named Freeman  
Said, as he took his feet :  
Now I'll be one of three men  
To give this woman a seat !”

---

### **MODESTY.**

Once there was a little maid  
And so modest was she  
That she always went behind  
A door to change her mind.

She was actually afraid,  
Strange as it may be  
To take a look forsooth  
At the simple naked truth.

Her conscience she obeyed,  
But she never did feel free  
To make or to retract  
A bare statement of fact.

---

### **SCRIPTURAL.**

“Cast your bread upon the waters,”  
What a pretty little dream !  
If it should be in a river,  
It would float away down stream.

If it be a lake or ocean,  
None the less would be the joke ;  
“After many days” you'd find it  
Rather soggy from the soak.

## SQUIBS.

A squib is made of pungent stuff  
    Wrapped daintily and *a la mode*  
And suddenly with saucy puff  
    Right in your face it doth explode.

---

## THE BABY SQUALLS.

Uncle Samuel's latest kid,  
    Panama,  
Has kicked at what the old man did,  
    Its big papa.  
The Dingley tariff. like a fence,  
Binds the ten-mile strip and hence  
Outside prices are immense!  
    Saccara!

When natives in a stove-pipe hat  
    Wish to shine,  
They do not purchase, "where they're at,"  
    But cross the line,  
And get it there at forty off,  
Bow low and at home merchants scoff—  
    Isn't it fine?

The infant feels itself just cut  
    Square in two,  
And all its lines of business shut—  
    Boo, hoo, hoo!  
Two cents for postage 'long the ditch,  
Five outside, a matter, which  
    Looks rather blue!

So down into the isthmus goes  
Our Mr. Taft,  
To pull the youngster's little nose  
With wisest craft;  
He'll show them, that the people, who  
About such things make great ado,  
Are not a crowd, but just a few  
And only daft.

---

### EASILY SETTLED.

After the German in Fliegende Blaetter.

"The sweetest thing in all my lot  
Was that first kiss, you gave to me!"  
"Ah, no, my dearest, you forgot  
The one before, you stole!" said she;  
And then their lips met o'er and o'er,  
She gave, and he stole, three or four!

---

### HE KEEPS COOL.

Scarcely is the rush and roar  
Of the awful battle o'er,  
When the soldier of Japan  
Draws his fan.  
Midst the moments of surcease  
He creates a little breeze  
Just as cooling as he can,  
This little man.

'Tis a sight you can't forget;  
He does not sit there and fret  
'Midst the powder's sick'ning stench  
In the trench,  
But with bright and smiling face  
Draws he gently from its case  
And with innate charming grace  
Swings his fan.

What is death to him, my friend,  
But the bitter glorious end  
Of the heroes, whom they send  
To the van?  
If the bullet of his foe  
Ushers him to courts below,  
He will face the devil so—  
With his fan!

---

### TO A FORMER PUPIL.

Congratulations, Bertha,  
And a big handful of rice!  
May your union be prolific  
Of everything, that's nice!

And, as the years roll onward,  
May joy and gladness rule  
And 'round your fireside gather  
A little private school!

---

### SAVED!

Oh, lovers, you can haw-haw  
At microbes now and kiss,  
Nor fear the dreadful "craw-craw"  
Will rob you of your bliss;  
With souls content and placid  
Just take your usual sips  
With weak boracic acid  
Bedewed upon your lips!

## SHAVER'S INSTITUTE ORDER.

"The school-ma'am shall not dance,"  
If this shaver can save her  
From the evils of the light fantastic toe;  
But it seems to us perchance,  
'Twould be braver to lave her  
A bit of wholesome freedom as to where she  
oughter go!

---

## HOW TO PARTICIPATE.

"I can not run, I can not kick,  
I can not catch the ball:  
How in the name of ancient Nick  
Am I to play at all?"

Thus said a spindle-legged youth,  
A freshman just from home,  
Who off to college after truth  
Had been induced to roam.

A junior said: "That's all the same;  
Here take a cigarette!  
You'll very soon get in the game,  
When you begin to bet!"

---

## NELLIE.

I had a baby sister once—  
It was so long ago  
Her memory is almost lost  
Amid life's ebb and flow.

Into my boyhood's happy home  
A little cherub came  
And flew away so very soon,  
She hardly left a name.

She learned to walk and laugh and pout  
And say a word or two,  
And look up in her brother's face  
With roguish eyes and blue.

And then to dread diphtheria  
She fell an easy prize—  
I too was sick—one winter's day  
She vanished from my eyes.

I'm sure she went to Heaven straight—  
She had not time to sin;  
For such the angel mothers wait  
And fold them gently in.

Out in the burial ground you'll find,  
Where myrtle softly creeps,  
A little lamb with head inclined,  
And these words: "Nellie sleeps."

---

### **EIGHT O'CLOCK.**

"When goes that mornin' train?" once said  
A merry Irish boy,  
As he sat him down to a generous spread,  
That filled his heart with joy.

"At 8:08," sir," the maid replied,  
Who brought him his repast.  
"Oh, Lord!" said he, as he pitched it inside;  
"I 'ate to ate so fast!"

---

### **A PROPOSAL.**

A pretty girl and a bashful freak  
In a grave-yard took a walk.  
He loved her hard, but dared not speak—  
Other things absorbed their talk.



At last they came to his family lot,  
And he said: "This is ours, my dear;  
Would you be pleased—or would you not,  
To die and be buried here?"

---

### LOVE'S PROOF.

[From the German of B. A. Boer.]

"How shall I know that you are true?"  
The doubting maiden said,  
As in the hour of deepest love  
He told, how his heart bled;

"In olden times a suitor brave  
His rival would engage,  
Or bring the glove, his lady threw  
Into a lion's cage.

Down to the bottom of the sea  
He diving risked his life,  
And did not Jacob seven years  
Serve for his goodly wife?

How shall I know, that you are true,  
And love but me alone?"  
Then like a knight on bended knee  
He cried with anxious tone:

"To prove I love you more than all,  
I swear by Heaven high  
Whatever you may choose to cook  
I'll eat it, if I die!"

A shout of joy! She folds him in  
Her velvet arms divine:  
"Oh, now I love you, noble man!  
I am forever thine!"

## **AN ELECTION REFLECTION.**

If all good Christians could so well  
Clear up each doubtful state  
As Teddie did, the fear of hell  
Would very soon abate.

---

## **GOVERNOR DOUGLAS.**

Midst the wrecks of hopes and fortunes on that sad  
November day

See arising in the east a worthy son,  
Who appealing to the voters in his own straightforward way,

A great and glorious victory has won!

Just a simple plain shoemaker, putting sophistry to  
rout,

Showing how the tariffs cost the people dear,  
Midst the crowd of disappointed ones serenely standing out,

Over in the seat of culture doth appear.

He says, that honest labor will produce an honest  
shoe,

Which will sell upon its merit anywhere,  
And he does not ask that Congress shall make  
schedules for the few,

To pile up a greater profit than is fair.

'Tis a good old Scotch cognomen, that of Douglas  
brave and true,

And the Jeffersonian hosts, who work for bread,  
Hope, the Kuropatkin leaders will now line them  
up anew

Underneath a man, who dares to go ahead.

## IT CONVERTED HIM.

He stole her garter-buckle—  
She was a millionaire—  
But when he found the gem was paste,  
He bent his knee in prayer !

---

### A FABLE.

One evening Will and Mary sat  
And looked at one another  
So modestly and humbly, that  
You'd thought he was her brother.

But all the while they mourned their fate  
With wry unhappy faces,  
Because her mother staid so late  
And shut off their embraces.

Then suddenly a trap did spring  
Upon the cellar bottom,  
And from the sounds, which thence did ring  
'Twas plain that they had "got'm."

So mamma grabbed the lamp and ran  
Down where the rat was tugging,  
And, left alone, the pair began  
An energetic hugging !

The girl above, the rat below  
For mercy were appealing,  
And 'twixt the two 'twas hard to know,  
Which did the tallest squealing.

The moral is, that when the cat  
All her attention's paying  
Unto a poor unlucky rat,  
The kittens will be playing.

## **COCKADOODLED00 !**

Politics are very warm  
Out in Buffalo,  
And the burning question is,  
"Shall the roosters crow?"

Aristocratic folks who live  
On the "Western Side,"  
Love to sleep, when old Sol starts  
On his daily ride.

But the common "Easterner"  
Says the trusty cock  
With a welcome clarion voice  
Is his morning clock.

So the issue clear is joined,  
And the aldermen  
Are with chanticleers absorbed  
More than e'en the hen !

If the workmen win the fight  
Then, I do suppose,  
Buffalo will ring all night  
With their rooster-crows !

---

## **THEY CAN'T HELP IT.**

When two lovers in the parlor  
Sit alone where all is dark,  
Do you wonder, why they laugh and giggle so?  
'Tis because they're close together  
And to one another hark;  
They are always sofa-cetious then, you know !

### **A CLASSIC CABLEGRAM.**

When Kaiser Will to Theodore  
Sent his congratulations,  
He was so full and brimming o'er  
With love for both the nations,  
That English, Deutch, or any speech,  
Which people now do chat in,  
Could not to its profoundness reach,  
And so he wired in Latin!

### **APPROPRIATE.**

The seventh baby had arrived;  
To find a name was rather tough,  
So, since the other six survived,  
The papa called it Justin Nuff.

### **THE HEART OF A WIFE**

In their quiet home at twilight  
Sat an old grey-headed pair,  
Who had journeyed on together  
Through life's seasons foul and fair.

She had joined the church in girlhood,  
And in later thoughtful years  
Had clung fondly to its precepts  
Midst a crowd of doubting fears.

But his mind was philosophic,  
And the things the preacher taught  
Seemed the darkest superstitions  
Down from barbarous ages brought.

"How I wish we were united  
In these matters like the rest,  
And I knew, that you were going  
To that haven of the blest!

"You are good," she said, "and noble;  
Can it be, when life is past,  
Into everlasting torment  
Such as you the Lord will cast?

Oh, in death must we be parted?  
No! It cannot, shall not be!  
I will go with you. That's settled.  
I can choose. The will is free.

Other joys would be but sorrow,  
But a mournful dismal knell;  
Hell with you would be a heaven,  
Heaven without would be a hell."

---

## CHRISTMAS.

Oh, day of hope! Day of the newborn Son!  
Born to fight with storms and darkness, till  
Victorious upon bright Easter morn he calls  
The earth to rise again to life supreme!  
What tales of heroes grand have built themselves  
Upon the journey of the sun! How riding  
In a car of fire away to southern skies  
He turns his horses now to bless  
The world anew! And later, when Religion  
Builds her systems for the weal of men,  
How many Saviors of the World are born  
Upon this day! Strange, that the heart  
Of man delights in legends of the past!  
From China's crumbling shores to strong America's  
Land bright candles blaze in joy on Christmas  
Eve. Each faith interprets for itself.  
Here 'tis the Christ and there the Buddh, here Krishna  
Yonder Zoroaster fills the heart with praise.  
And yet 'tis but the poem of the spheres  
Repeated o'er and o'er through countless years.

### EPITAPH.

When the man below took sick and died,  
Some thought his brain was crazed,  
For he'd been before the board and tried  
To get his assessment raised!  
He left this world for realms on high  
Without a word of prayer,  
But all the same he'll sit close by  
The throne in a rocking chair.

---

### THE GAME OF LIFE.

A group of eleven gay fellows  
Sat down to a jolly spread  
And swore, they would banquet together  
Every year, whether living or dead.

A big flask of wine was ordered,  
Of old Burgundy the best,  
To be drunk by the man of the party,  
Who should chance to outlive the rest.

They toasted the health of all present,  
And hoped that the wine would be old,  
Ere the game should be played to a finish  
And ten of them lifeless and cold.

Year by year on the regular feast day  
The gradually lessening band  
Laid a cup and a plate for each brother,  
Who had gone to the spirit land.

Till one day two grey bearded comrades  
Took their places side by side  
And talked of their joys and sorrows  
With feelings of pain and pride.

They spoke to their ghost companions  
As though they were sitting around  
The board with their jovial faces  
And appetites hearty and sound.

They tenderly stroked the bottle  
Awaiting the victory there,  
And each said he hoped, that the other  
Would sample its contents rare.

Next year only one reported,  
And aye to the compact true  
He sat himself down at the table  
And ate the whole menu through.

Then filling a glass from the bottle  
He rose with a trembling hand  
And tossed it on high to the spirits,  
Who seemed all around him to stand.

And alternately drinking and flinging  
The fragrant old wine in the air,  
He drained the flask to the bottom,  
And settled back dead in his chair.

---

### TRY ANOTHER CUT.

When you ask a maid to marry  
And she flatly doth refuse,  
Maybe 'tis because you do not seem a "bute;"  
Go and with your tailor tarry,  
Tell the sad disheartening news;  
He's the fellow that can help you in your suit.



## REGRET.

At noon the trees are weeping  
As though with grief undone,  
Their crystal prisms melting  
Beneath the midday sun.

From glistening light refracted  
In a multicolored sheen  
All nature shone at sunrise  
A beauteous fairy scene.

It was a wedding morning  
And every tree a bride,  
But their jewels now are dropping  
In tears of wounded pride.

And through the naked branches  
In a disappointed tone  
I can hear the plaintive murmur  
Of their spirits, as they moan.

---

## IN MEMORIAM

Josh and Mirandy lie side by side  
In the little graveyard 'neath the hill,  
And since the March day, on which both of them died,  
The winds of dissension are still.

A turbulent journey through life they trod,  
And neither gave in the least bit,  
Till the sexton at last with magnanimous sod  
Covered up this connubial misfit.

And softly above them the green moss grows  
And the filtering rivulets wash  
A-down through the spaces betwixt the toes  
Of Mirandy and her dear Josh.

## UNCLE JOE.

The People and the President would like some good  
relief

From the prices, which the tariffs put on things,  
But it won't be done by Congress, and the reason is  
in brief

What within the following little jingle rings:

Uncle Joe says "no," and the boys will stand so  
Pat behind him, that 'twill go, as it pleaseth  
Uncle Joe.

Four to four the wise committee was balanced in a trice  
With Sereno most serenely on the fence;

But, if you would be famous, it is always very nice  
To please your Uncle in a conference,

And Uncle Joe said "no," and Sereno stands so  
Pat behind him, that 'twill go, as it pleaseth  
Uncle Joe.

Hence we'll have to keep on paying twice as much as  
things are worth

So that English, Dutch, and Frenchmen may buy  
cheap,

And that certain manufacturers may sweep us off the  
earth

With the profits they continually do reap;

For uncle Joe says so, and the party stands, you  
know,

Pat behind him, and 'twill go, as it pleaseth  
Uncle Joe.

---

## THE DIFFERENCE.

There's a marvelous distinction, friend,  
'Twixt poetry and clever verse.

Don't mix them up! May God forfend!  
Some author for't will be the worse.

If you read along in hazy dreams,  
And find each line with mystery teems,  
And scarce a streak of radiance gleams  
Amidst what like a fogbank seems,  
That's poetry.

But, if in clear-cut simple words  
The thought comes out distinct and terse  
And to your soul some joy affords,  
That's clever verse.

---

### **DAISIE'S GONE.**

Alas, was there no Yankee boy  
To sit down close beside her  
And with her heart-strings gently toy ;  
Could no one else D. Leiter ?

She throws aside her freedom here  
To grace an Earl's estate ;  
In England's regal atmosphere  
I'm afraid she'll Suffolkeate.

---

### **CHRISTMAS LONELINESS.**

These days, when my dear wife doth steal  
Down to the store to "take a look,"  
A hollow aching void I feel  
Around my heart—and pocket book.

---

### **BOYOPATHY.**

Our boy was sick ; the doctor came  
And prescribed a box of pills  
With an awe-inspiring Latin name,  
Which itself gave Jack the chills.

Our boy got well, and away he went  
To his noisy boisterous fun;  
He had used the pills, which the druggist sent,  
To shoot in his new blow-gun.

---

### IN TERMS OF HIS OWN FAITH.

As her Theosophic husband kissed his dear wife at  
the door,  
And departed for his usual Christmas spree,  
She remarked in accents positive: "There's just one  
item more,  
That I wish to press upon your memory :  
Your material body must at home by half-past  
eleven be ;  
Your astral body may stay out the night for all of  
me."

---

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

How charmingly your poem reads,  
When you send it off ! Alack,  
How cheap, uncouth and full of weeds,  
When it comes a trundling back !

---

### MY PUPIL.

One summer appeared in the midst of our hills  
The bright little theme of my ditty,  
Who was running away from the manifold ills,  
That breed in the air of a city.  
She was coming to romp for weeks upon weeks  
All over our beautiful valley  
And splash with bare legs in the frolicsome creeks,  
Which down the ravines make their sally.

We two had a school! She sat on my lap.  
And made such a brief recitation!  
Looking into my eyes to discover, mayhap,  
For each task the complete explanation.

Our lessons were flowers, ferns, mosses, and trees,  
We talked about bird-songs and fishes,  
Of clouds, as they skurried along in the breeze,  
And at dinner we emptied the dishes.

Brown blushes of health round her dimples would steal,  
Her heart with delight was a-quiver,  
As along shady roadways she rolled on her wheel,  
Or paddled a boat on the river.

But the summer sped by ; she went from this wild  
Sweet joy to the benches and classes  
Of a "system," that grinds the life out of a child,  
And leaves a pale phantom, which "passes."

In the fall, as the leaves by the sunlight were stained  
And down to the earth gently floated,  
I wondered, how much of the color remained  
In those cheeks, upon which I had doted ?

---

### THE WONDERS OF SURGERY.

A youngster, while shaving one day,  
Sliced off the tip end of his nose,  
Then dropped in a most careless way  
The razor on one of his toes.

It severed a piece just the size  
Of the one he had lost before,  
And, alarmed by the violent cries,  
His mother ran in at the door.

She flew for the doctor in haste,  
Who grafted the two fragments on,  
But got them exactly misplaced,  
Where they grew to perfection anon.

And now, when the fellow doth pare  
His toe-nail each fine Sunday morn,  
He must in the looking-glass stare  
At the flourishing member new born.

And, when he steps out on the street  
And is struck by a cool passing breeze,  
He makes a wild dive for his feet  
And yanks his right shoe off to sneeze.

---

### ON THE STAIRS.

Strange things sometimes come in view,  
But it doth not oft occur,  
That an angel comes to you  
Sliding down a banister!

In a robe of dainty white  
Like a vision in a dream  
Midst the dim and flickering light  
Heavenly spirit it did seem.

But I caught it in my arms  
And the throbbing life could feel;  
Then I knew, that all its charms  
Were not fantasy, but real.

## THE ORGAN BLOWER.

Back in his little corner with conscientious heart  
The patient organ blower performs his humble part.  
With hand upon the lever and eye upon the lead  
He waits until the preacher his tiresome say has said,  
And then he gives the bellows a full supply of air,  
Which poureth forth melodious in hymns of praise and  
prayer.

His stroke is firm and steady; for, when it is not so,  
The organ squeals a jerky disgruntled tremolo.

A great responsibility rests on his faithfulness,  
And, if he stops a pumping, there cometh deep distress;

A groan, a gasp, a silence—the choir all look around;  
The gospel ship has surely struck rock and gone  
aground!

---

## COMFORTS.

When Pat awoke on Christmas day  
And from his eyes the rheum did wipe,  
Two presents 'fore his vision lay,  
A prayer-book and a corn-cob pipe.

"Bedad!" said he; "they've hit me well;  
Oi'll do me smokin' here below,  
An' whin the brim stun I do shmell,  
Oi'll take me book an oop I'll go!"

---

## SANTO DOMINGO.

A Cradle Song by Uncle Sam.

Rockaby, rockaby, rockaby, O,  
Sweet little, dark little Domingo!  
Close your bright eyes now,  
Stop all your noise,  
Or Papa will show how  
To spank little boys.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, O,  
Troublesome boisterous, Domingo!  
See those great ships there  
With their big guns?  
Well, don't you ever dare  
Throw any stuns !

Rockaby, rockaby, rockaby, O,  
Go to sleep darling, my Domingo!  
Look at your brother ; see  
Good Panama !  
He doesn't bother me,  
His dear old Pa.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, O,  
Be a nice baby now, Domingo!  
There are the Phillipine  
Children, alas,  
When I took them, in,  
I was an ass !

Rockaby, rockaby, rockaby, O,  
All of these young 'uns do trouble me so!  
See the Sandwiches too  
And little Guam  
Wrapt in their cradle blue  
Still as a lamb !

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, O,  
You must behave yourself, Domingo.  
Keep your mouth tight shut—  
Close it up quick,  
Or Papa will go and cut  
A big birch stick !

Rockaby, lullaby, rockaby, O,  
Not a yelp more from you, Domingo !



### **A LITTLE EXCITED YET.**

A sweet young wife came in the store  
At an early morning hour,  
And softly whispered: "Will you send to our door  
An empty barrel of flour?"

They are getting things ready for Jake and me  
At a very pretty jog,  
And I am so anxious to make, you see,  
A hencoop for our dog!"

---

### **EASILY DISTINGUISHED.**

"Where is your papa, my good little Ben?"  
Asked a man of a boy, who was playing on a mat;  
"Out yonder," he replied, "in the big pig-pen;  
You can tell him, sir, right easy, for he always  
wears a hat!"

---

### **PRESBYTERIAN PROFANITY.**

"O, Di Immortales!" Now the shade of Cicero  
Cries out from his long rest and tears his hair;  
Here comes a host of women against the reckless foe,  
Which doth in terms like "gosh" and "goodness"  
swear!

"Oh, fudge!" you must not say, for high on Heaven's  
throne  
Sits a jealous, wrathful, narrow minded God,  
Who cannot bear to listen to the slightest verbal tone  
Reflecting on the power of his rod.

"My Lordie! bless me! dum it! Gee Whittaker!"  
must go;

"Dogon it! blast it! O my gracious! pshaw!"  
The evil spirit in us will strain our boilers so,  
They'll burst along the lines of greatest flaw.

The worst is not what carelessly goes flitting by the  
lips,  
But what remains a festering in our souls ;  
These startling exclamations are but silly thought-  
less slips,  
Mere foam upon the sea which deeper rolls.  
Then do not get excited over weak external things,  
Look rather to the heart, which prompts the word ;  
The man who sugared phrases to the surface always  
brings,  
Is seldom by a noble motive stirred.

---

### **BRYAN TO ROOSEVELT.**

Hey, Comrade, shake ! We're now good pards,  
Although astride of different steeds ;  
Against the trusts we'll play our cards  
Ruled by the self-same strenuous leads.  
You're down on tariffs, so am I ;  
Rebates are robbery, you say ;  
Clean up the land-frauds ! That's my cry ;  
I'm with you man, just fire away !  
In politics strange fellows bunk  
Together, as the issues rise ;  
From out a common flask of spunk  
We've drawn a sup, that fear defies.  
Ride on, my lad, I'm close behind  
From early morn till setting sun ;  
It won't be long, before we'll find  
Our mutual foes upon the run.

---

### **MOTHER.**

Modestly she lived—few knew  
Her many virtues rare—  
Content our household to imbue  
With the blessings of her care.

While others spread their gaudy wings,  
She brooded o'er her nest,  
And looked securely to the springs,  
Whence flow earth's joys the best.  
When sorrow came she meekly bowed  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
Remembering, 'twas a passing cloud,  
That hid the smile of God.  
She saw her brightest hopes fulfilled,  
Life's banner all unfurled,  
And then the melody was stilled  
And peace came o'er her world.

---

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HOME.

In my bachelor apartments on the twenty-seventh floor  
I have tacked a pretty picture to the panel of the door.  
'Tis the cover of a magazine, which monthly comes  
around  
And finds me in the clouds of smoke three hundred  
feet from ground.  
The legend on it touched my heart, and, as I con my  
tome,  
I glance at it and think about my "Twentieth Century  
Home."  
The picture is a lady seated on a milk-white horse;  
Straight to my arms she's coming to drive away re-  
morse;  
But 'tis a dream; she cannot ride so near to Heaven's  
dome;  
You must take the elevator for the Twentieth Century  
Home!  
Imagine in that old sweet song, amid its warp and  
woof,  
As high above the pavement you nestle 'neath the roof,  
"Midst automobiles, trolley lines, and subways  
though you roam,  
There's no retreat of safety like the Twentieth Cen-  
tury Home."

Oh, how I long to gallop over hills and wooded dells,  
Where the sparkling mountain torrent from earth's  
bosom upward wells!  
The maiden on her ghostly steed has come to be a  
gnome,  
Which fills me with a hatred for my Twentieth Cen-  
tury Home !

---

### **SAGWA.**

Air : Annie of the Vale.

Oh, let me sing of Sagwa, the blessed healing Sagwa,  
Which brings relief to every ache or pain :  
It cools inflammation, it cures constipation,  
It straightens out a thick and tangled brain.  
Drink, drink, Sagwa drink, drink till you feel like a  
lark ;

If struck with emotion, just add to the potion,  
And drink away from sunrise until dark.

There stole into our village for guile and for pillage  
Some Kickapoos, who charmed our maiden's hearts ;  
Their costumes were tasteful, their dancing most  
graceful ;

Their arrows proved but Cupid's hidden darts.

They told a dismal story, an awful category  
Of ailments falling to the lot of man,  
And said each tribulation, each racking inflammation,  
Their Sagwa put at once beneath a ban.

For slow or quick consumption, for pig-head or pre-  
sumption,

For mulishness, or for a biting tongue,  
Catarrh, or indigestion, lumbago, chin-congestion,  
Rheumatics, inflammation of the lung,

Drink, drink, etc.

Mid winter's stormy numbers there swept across our  
slumbers

A malady the Frenchmen called LaGrippe,  
But while the rest in frenzy were dreading "in-  
fluenzy,"

We gave our Sagwa now and then a sip.

We've nigh forgotten Sagwa, the blessed healing  
Sagwa,

But other physics still are selling well;  
We filter through our body some medicated toddy  
And to our neighbors all its virtues tell.

---

### THE VALENTINE.

At the age of sixty-nine  
One would surely not opine,  
There would come a valentine  
On the scene,  
But the blissful joy is mine,  
The handwriting to divine,  
And invoke a trembling line  
To Irene.

'Tis a figure of a maid  
And she does not seem afraid  
In pursuance of her trade  
To look sweet;  
With a basket full of posies  
And one of the cutest noses  
Her dark eye on me reposes  
In my seat;

For I've pinned her on the wall,  
Ear-rings, petticoat, and all,  
And I hope she will not fall  
And spill her flowers;  
That they may not quickly fade,  
Though, no doubt, they are well made,  
I will keep her in the shade  
Sunny hours.

When I see her standing there,  
I go dreaming of a fair  
Village cot of old days, where  
In the street  
I could see another maiden  
With the same smile lightly laden  
In a muddy puddle "wadin"  
With bare feet.

Ah, I am too old to marry !  
On such dreams I must not tarry !  
But that dainty paddling fairy  
Nectarine  
Is my valentine forever !  
Time nor distance shall not sever !  
I'll forget her never, never,  
My Irene !

---

### ROCKEFELLER.

[Begging Pardon of James R. Lowell.]

Ours is a land of plenty—there's enough for every one ;  
From the bosom of Dame Nature blessings roll out by  
the ton ;  
We would be the happiest people beneath the glorious  
sun,  
If John D. Rockefeller, he  
Would not so big a porker be.  
He's accumulating money faster than his clerks can  
count ;  
Every widow's lamp is burning to build high the  
golden mount ;  
Aye, we all must swell the current from his kerosenic  
fount ;  
For John D. Rockefeller, he  
Is bound to own the earth and sea.

He expects to bribe Jehovah with his gifts to Baptist  
schools ;  
He imagines the Creator is much like terrestrial fools ;  
But perhaps he'll find that Heaven is controlled by  
other rules,  
When John D. Rockefeller, he  
Takes a peep into eternity.  
And it may be ere he leaves this world the trouble will  
begin ;  
For sometimes retribution makes a close race after  
sin ;  
In Washington and Kansas we are hearing quite a  
din,  
And John D. Rockefeller, he  
Says: "I'm afraid they're after me!"

---

### **SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.**

A man with a "jag" found a comforting goal  
In the kindly support of a telephone pole,  
And, bracing himself to stand perfectly plumb,  
He heard through the wood the wires' gentle hum.  
"Egad" he remarked, "my head's all a roar ;  
I must back to the bar-room for one drink more!"

---

### **AGITATED.**

Of her sea-sickness she said, while excitedly she  
fanned :  
"The only thing, that I could keep upon my stomach,  
was my hand."

---

### **GOOD EXERCISE.**

Our congressmen march up the hill  
At Washington, and then,  
While they await a Senate bill,  
March calmly down again.

And from the wall my father's face  
Looked down upon the girls and boys  
With mien benevolent and kind,  
As if partaking of their joys.

The firefiend twice in ruthless mood  
Has laid this humble structure low ;  
The last wild night it seemed the town  
Swept by a holocaust must go!

The old hotel joined in the blaze,  
The spot was left a blackened waste,  
The trees all dead—with one fell stroke  
The scenes of childhood were erased.

The tale is told—the play is done—  
The dear old school house is no more,  
But in the heart of many a one  
'Twill always stand there as of yore.





